The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XVII | New York, Saturday, January, 11, 1919 | Number 219

Contents

Editorial Notes 291

Leading Editorials
- Imperial America 294
- Hypotheses vs. Certainties in International Politics 296
- How to Propagate Bolshevism 298
- Amnesty for Conscientious Objectors 299

General Articles
- Victory Without Peace ..... H. C. 301
- The Arch in New York City ..... Leo Stein 303
- More Educational Inquisition ..... Alvin Johnson 305
- An Acquaintance ..... Florence Kiper Frank 307
- Bishop Brent's Remarks at the Grave of Willard Straight 308
- A Chapter in Wheat ..... Walter Weyl 309

Correspondence 312

After the Play ..... M. A. 313

What to Read ..... Salann 314

Reviews of Books
- The Nature of the Beast ..... F. H. 315
- The Georgians at Home ..... Lola Ridge 316
- The Higher Learning in America ..... H. J. L. 317
- The Trade of Tomorrow ..... O. T. 318

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S death removes the one powerful personal influence in American politics, except, of course, that of President Wilson. His distinguishing quality among the Americans of his own generation was an abounding energy which required for its satisfaction both great variety and exuberant vigor of expression. He was almost alone among his contemporaries in the extraordinary diversity of his interests. He was at once a man of letters, an insatiable reader, a brilliant talker, a naturalist, a sportsman and a political leader. He found time to pursue all these activities with so much success that they effectively contributed to the vivid impression made by his personality. But exceptional as was the variety of his activities, the sheer vigor which he imparted to them was still more exceptional. Whatever he did, and no matter whether he was the head of the government or the head of the opposition, he always set the pace. It was his joy and his pride to work harder, to play harder, to fight harder than any associate or any competitor. In fact, his energy was so strenuous that it seemed to him wasted unless it expended itself in overcoming a stiff resistance. Only in combat did he reach the summit of his personal expression. When asked before an election to express some opinion as to its probable results, he always answered: "I am a warrior and not a prophet." He was a warrior on behalf of what he believed to be and usually were morally decisive causes. The most poignant tragedy of his life was that he was unable to fight sword in hand in the war which raised one of the clearest and greatest moral issues in history.

IT was as a warrior on behalf of moral causes that he made his most substantial contribution to American history. Associated from the beginning with the reforming activities of his own contemporaries, he was the first of our political leaders who dared to remain a reformer after he reached the White House. In fact he nationalized the American reform movement and by nationalizing transfigured it. He divined that American national fulfilment had come to depend not on the preservation of institutions but on the cure of abuses, not on conservatism but on progress. He used his great power as President to arouse the conscience of the people to the existence of grievous political, social and economic evils and to instruct them as to the nature of some of the more elementary remedies. Thus he gave an impulse to American democratic fulfilment which will continue to act as a leaven long after his death. He was also one of the first of Americans to understand the artificial nature of the traditional American isolation in foreign politics and the need of a broader outlook. Again in the case of Belgium, he aroused the American national conscience to cast off its customary inhibitions and timidities and to associate the national policy with the safeguarding of democratic ideas. Since he had to die at the present time it is a great pity that he could not have sacrificed his life on the altar of the national cause in the recent war. In a deeper sense he did. If his biographers read his end aright, they will see him as a man who died when and how he did chiefly because of an overwhelming but frustrated desire

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to join his fellow countrymen as one of the comrades in the great fight.

MONTHS, perhaps years, must elapse before the western world can be entirely clear as to what is going on in Poland. Such facts as emerge above the fog of propaganda suggest that the most promising political force in Poland centres in the dictatorship of General Pilsudski. The dictator's following is fundamentally democratic, with moderate socialistic leanings. Its closest analogy is the Kerensky regime in Russia. If the western Powers back up the Pilsudski government, there appears good reason for believing that the tide of Bolshevism may be stemmed. But the western Powers have systematically botched Slavic affairs, and they give indications of doing so in this case. They appear to be compromised with the aristocratic Paris Committee and Paderewski, who regarded himself as their mandatory in calling upon Pilsudski to give up his authority. What the aristocratic party would like to do is to give the Polish state the widest possible extension over non-Polish territory on the German border, in Lithuania and in the Ukraine. They would revive the ancient Polish empire, as unstable and iniquitous a political organization as ever existed. The Bolsheviki could well afford to subsidize them in this enterprise, since nothing could more weaken east European conservatism than the temporary success of such an anachronistic undertaking. Polish nationalism cannot long survive if it is made the vehicle of Polish imperialism.

THE Woman's Land Army is one of the organizations created by war which ought not to be disbanded until its possibilities of civil usefulness have been thoroughly canvassed. During the last year it has introduced some fifteen thousand women to work in the fields under conditions socially and hygienically favorable. The payment to the worker was modest, fifteen dollars a month, and does not augur any considerable expansion in time of peace, except in so far as the change to out-door labor, or relief from slack-season unemployment, offers an additional appeal. Perhaps with longer experience the system can be made more remunerative to the worker. It has already proved economically satisfactory to the farmers who employed the women, and where it has been in operation it has helped to break down the silly taboo against women engaging in farm work. But if the system is to have any chance of growing, or even of surviving, it is of the utmost importance that it should not fall into the ways of semi-social, semi-philanthropic, semi-parasitic organizations, but should be placed under expert leadership competent to work out and enforce proper standards of food, hygiene, social relations, hours and pay. Such an enterprise is peculiarly in danger of being shifted off a sound economic basis, since it appeals to so many vague ideals: the ideal of taking part in food production, the ideal of healthful labor under the open sky, the ideal of group association in work and living. These are of the soundest of ideals; but they must not be allowed to make easy the task of the would-be exploiter.

IT is hard to see what legitimate railway interest is compromised by Mr. McAdoo's proposed five year extension. The net return which the roads have been guaranteed is a fair one. It is more than the railways would be likely to earn if restored to the status quo ante. What the companies will get back, after the five year period, will be properties decidedly improved physically. The government would not think for a moment of letting the railways fall to so low a state as was often tolerated under private control. The need for unification will have been made apparent to the whole public, and that will simplify the political problem of securing relief from the anti-combination laws. State control, so long in abeyance, can hardly again be carried to the point of embarrassing the national system. With all these possible advantages from the five year extension, why do the railway owners oppose it? Partly because of the fear that so long a period of successful control will lead to government ownership, but partly also because they realize that if there are actual gains from unified operation, they will exert themselves in five years and lead to reduced rates instead of assuming the form of increased profits to hoist the values of railway securities.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Italian hosts must have been impressed with his adroitness in indicating his interest in the rights of Italy's Slavic neighbors without giving definite ground for nationalistic offense. Probably he could not have managed it if he had not been firmly convinced that Italy's true interest lies in dealing justly with the Jugo-Slavs. Violation of the principle of nationality always proves injurious to both aggressor and victim. The whole political life of France was poisoned by resentment over Alsace-Lorraine; the political life of Germany was also poisoned. Italy has suffered bitterly from the thought that her sons in the Trentino and Istria were in alien bondage, but neither has Austria profited. The whole of the Balkans has been filled with the agonies and resentments of oppressor and oppressed. Irredentism inevitably makes for conflict between nations. But that is not the only evil arising from

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it. Both aggressor and victim occupy themselves with foreign politics to the prejudice of domestic. The backward condition of civil government in Greece, Rumania and Serbia is largely explainable on this principle. Neither Italy nor Jugo-Slavia will conduct civil affairs well if the peace creates a new irredentism. The Jugo-Slavs will waste their energies in plotting to thrust Italy out of the lands she has usurped, and Italy will be scheming to keep Balkan conditions in such a state that the Jugo-Slavs will remain impotent. President Wilson is a friend of Italy, and as such does everything in his power to dissuade her from so disastrous a course.

THE appointment of Herbert Hoover as Director-General of the inter-Allied organization to feed the Allied, neutral and enemy peoples is one of the best omens of the time. It is a guaranty that the organization will act with promptness and efficiency. The world will be spared the hideous spectacle of great populations gradually starving to death for want of responsible direction of relief. Mr. Hoover understands better than any other living statesman the political consequences of mass starvation. He knows that any population threatened with famine will turn Bolshevik. There is a sense in which food won the war against autocracy, but in a truer sense food alone can win the war against Bolshevism. This Mr. Hoover knows, and we may be sure that in assuming what is now the most significant command in the world Mr. Hoover assured himself that the necessary means would be available. One of these means, the lifting of the blockade against Germany so far as concerns food, appears already agreed upon. We may expect very soon to hear that Mr. Hoover has succeeded in his effort to set at work the three million tons of German shipping. The peace negotiations may drag on indefinitely, but in the meantime the peoples must be fed.

IN some sections of the American press there is plain evidence that a propaganda against Mexico is getting under way. There is also much intrigue going on under the surface. American interests in Mexico are by no means resigned to the disabilities the Carranza regime has imposed upon them. Even less are the various religious groups in the United States resigned to the status accorded to their coworkers in Mexico. Besides, the impression prevails widely in America that during the war Mexico, if neutral, was malevolently neutral, and would have been pleased with German victory. This impression is mistaken. Mexico had her pro-Germans and pro-Allies, but the overwhelming majority of the Mexicans were genuinely neutral. But mistaken or not, the impression has its potency and will increase the chance that occasion may be found for a strong demand for intervention. The Mexican government, if it is wise, will take cognizance of this situation and do what is possible to reduce the friction between the two nations. The friends of Mexican independence in this country ought not to be subjected to embarrassment through a needlessly intransigeant attitude on the part of Mexico.

THE impending investigation of Y. M. C. A. operations in France by the War Department does not seem likely to reveal anything more specific against the organization than familiar and general charges of mismanagement of canteens, traditional methods in choice of personnel, and an overstressing of the moral campaign. The evidently unfounded report of a surplus at the end of hostilities, coupled with high prices and a fallible dispensary, led inevitably to intense dissatisfaction. In part it is deserved. But there is perhaps too little appreciation of the fact that the Y. M. C. A. took over a hard and thankless task in assuming official responsibility for the canteens. The Salvation Army, made up of volunteers with no promises and no programme, appeared suddenly and surprisingly behind the lines with unexpected and therefore thrice-welcome gifts. It was the Santa Claus of the army, as the Red Cross, with its feminine appeal, was quite realistically the angel of mercy. It would have taken a great deal of mismanagement to destroy a popularity growing out of these opportunities for gracious personal service. At best the sutler's position is difficult, and the Y. M. C. A. has been manoeuvred by circumstances into a position from which only a careful examination of its record can disengage it without a considerable loss of prestige.

NOW that the traditionally reactionary Junkers are discredited and scattered, the Centrists take a place at the extreme right of German political factions. And it is instructive to note that the extreme right is now in a position substantially coincident with the Social Democratic left before the war. Aside from a dubious statement concerning colonial expansion and the doctrine of a related church and state, the Centrists and Socialists of the republic find themselves in workable accord. Some of the demands of the one-time conservative religious group in its published platform may have been sufficiently startling to our own more careful senate. They ask among other reforms the abolition of monopolies based on private capital; a distribution of taxation according to capacity to bear it, and this with specific radical provisions; equal, universal, and woman suffrage; a revision of land laws and a system of homestead

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rights; and disarmament simultaneous with the establishing of a league of nations. If this is the least they ask in the way of living conditions for a new Germany, we shall soon be paying a discount in the international democratic clearing-house.

A NEW element has been injected into the existing war between the United States and Russia in the shape of reports of atrocities and mutilations practised by the Bolsheviki upon American dead and wounded. It is probable that we are in for a steady diet of such stuff to heat our fighting blood. Once a war is well under way there are always enough brutalities on both sides to rouse the anger necessary for an unbroken morale. But there are more than ordinarily good reasons for a propaganda of hate against our new enemies. We do not know why we are fighting them; so far as we can see there is neither rhyme nor reason in our interference with their affairs. There is even a bond of sympathy between us; it has been traditional with this country since the happy outcome of our own revolution to look with tolerance on other popular upheavals. If the two nations are to fight a long and bitter and costly war, it will be necessary to dispel the very real amity that exists with whatever materials are at hand. But we grow a little tired of the method. We are fairly certain that any troops we fight with will be guilty of occasional barbarities; and so will ours, to a greater or less extent, whether we like it or not.

IT is impossible to take very seriously the warnings now being put in circulation that Bolshevism is growing into a first rate menace here in America. In Russia, in Finland and Poland, Bolshevism has made headway only where the economic conditions of the masses were intolerable. In Germany and Austria the menace of Bolshevism advances and recedes as conditions of employment and of the food supply grow worse or better. If economic conditions here were now extremely distressing, we should have to be on the lookout for a serious Bolshevist movement. But where is the evidence of unexampled economic distress, present or prospective? Of course it is well to prepare against unforeseeable contingencies. But the way to prepare is not to enlarge our jails or to perpetuate our odious espionage laws or expand our already hypertrophied secret service, but to develop every possible method of placing the individual worker where he can be useful and happy. There is more security for us in the employment service than in the secret service. There is more security for us in a well organized scheme of relief works to obviate the evils of an unemployment crisis than there can be in jails or standing armies. Of course if Bolshevism fastens itself upon us we shall have to look to a cure. But just now we had better be looking to prevention, and prevention means keeping up the social health and good spirits.

Imperial America

IF there is one characteristic that America today appears not to present, that is imperialism. Was there ever in history a great people more firmly resolved upon pursuing the policy of live and let live, less eager to encroach upon the rights and possessions of other peoples? Is there anywhere a more sincere desire to bind up once for all the roll of imperial exploits, to establish equality before the law of the world for all nations, great and small? Certainly, if there is in us any taint of imperialistic desire, it does not show upon the smooth surface of our good intention. We are for peace, not for empire.

But no competent psychologist or historian looks to surface indications only for a revelation of the real character of a man or of a nation, still less for a revelation of destiny. He looks to the broad, submerged current of half conscious or unconscious yearnings and dispositions, not yet directed toward assignable objects but certain to take a definite direction with the evolution of events. How much does it really mean that we are pacific? How came we to be lovers of peace? Largely through the accident of history that gave us an unchallenged primacy in the world that we had mapped out as peculiarly our own. In the Americas we have been all powerful, and, by our ancient tradition, the Americas alone concerned us. Therefore we were ready to bind our own power by law. But now we have floated our interests out into the open sea of world affairs, where there are other candidates for the status of unchallenged might. Who shall say that this change in our international position will not profoundly affect the current of our national dispositions? Of course, if the statesmen of the old world are wise enough to seize this opportunity of our ripe good-will and bind us with them in a world league untainted by aggression or fraud, under which hegemonies and empires may be forever excluded, our national genius will unfold itself to other ends. But the statesmen of the old world appear to have been blinded by over-close attention to their own national aspirations of the past. It seems never to occur to them that an America not bound by law may become a menace to the interests of the nations it now desires so sincerely to befriend.

Let us examine candidly the impressions of the war that are sinking into the consciousness of the American people, to emerge perhaps in action later in history. First and foremost, we have a vivid

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impression of unbounded power. We raised great armies, and, man for man, we are firmly convinced, they were of as good fighting quality as ever moved upon the earth. We exhibited colossal industrial strength. In science and invention, in mechanical skill and in organizing ability, we accomplished marvels, so we believe. Our financial achievement was prodigious. We developed strength beyond our belief, nevertheless we feel balked. The war ended before we had proved to the world the existence of the might we were conscious of bearing within us. As in all our civil enterprises, we had wasted no end of time in getting under way. Mistakes and miscalculations had crusted our every undertaking like barnacles. Ships, aeroplanes, guns, we wince when we think of how far we fell short of our boasts about them. We are aware that the time is coming when we shall hear humiliating accounts of defects in the management of our splendid field armies. Of the eight million men or more who have served in our armies or in the industrial line of battle, an incredible number will return to their peace time pursuits with the rankling thought of efforts made futile through inefficiency from above. Our Allies reiterate that we did extraordinarily well in the war. Yes, but nothing like what we could have done, and shall do next time. *Next time:* but there is to be no next time. Are we not entering now upon an era of permanent peace? Yes, if our European Allies will it so; but if they do not will it, there are hundreds of thousands of young Americans, of just the most active and energetic type, the men most likely to color our political thinking in the next generation, who will not shrink from the thought of a war in which we may really make good.

Not that America will deliberately enter upon a course of policy provocative of wars. She will seek to develop her own strength, defensively, to meet such contingencies as may arise in a world which has exhibited its incapacity to establish security through organization. It will be by a purely unconscious process that we shall pass beyond the line separating defense from aggression. How easily this may happen, however, will be plain to anyone who faces squarely the facts of our geographical and economic position.

If we desire to be safe, we shall, first of all, improve our navy. Now it is universally understood that the superior navy is the all-powerful navy. On land there are advantages in the defensive position. The smaller army, by falling back to the ground it has chosen, may inflict defeat upon the greater army, as the French defeated the Germans on the Marne. But the smaller navy is doomed the moment it faces the larger navy in battle. If then we must look to our own resources for defense in future world crises, we shall seek to build, not merely a powerful navy, but an all-powerful one. Secretary Daniels and his naval programme are symptomatic. Millions of Americans are vaguely yearning for the first place in naval power. There are voices urging us to be content with a navy second to England's, but our shrewdest political leaders are loath to compromise themselves by opposing the grandiose plans of Secretary Daniels. Politically, there is no appeal to America in the second place. First, or nothing.

But a great navy is a burden and a perplexity unless it is supported by a great mercantile marine, to supply auxiliary services and, above all, to offer occasion for its protective action. And our merchant marine is still far from first place. We have, however, more than half the shipbuilding plants of the world. We have the steel, the mechanical power, the capacity for organization. How long need we remain second, if we choose to be first? And shall we not choose? Ask any robust, clear-eyed young American you meet: you will find him exultant with the thought of American keels ploughing all the seas white, American flags bedecking every port. That is the kind of man who is likely to dominate American policy, not the sober economists who warn us that island empires, east and west, need shipping profits more than we do and can perform the work more cheaply than we can.

Behind the American navy of the future and the American mercantile marine stands American export industry, bursting with energies demanding a vent. Behind American industry stands American finance, capacious enough, when it gets through with war priorities, to float the commerce of a world. Shall not American goods penetrate every market within reach of the salt seas? Shall not the American financier take mortgages upon whatever properties can be made to serve as guaranties for purchases? And shall we not find ourselves holding virtual mortgages on backward and improvident governments, and thus driven to meddle with political concerns, after the fashion of every imperial nation since the days of Rome?

Quite unconsciously America is being drawn toward imperialism. The logic of defense urges an all-powerful navy. A predominant merchant marine is a corollary of naval supremacy. The extension throughout the world of American industrial and financial power is not only a natural consequence of sea power, but there is an inherent force of expansion operating from within. With the one exception of Japan, we alone of the Great Powers are in a position to carry forward the work of economic expansion with energies increased by the war. While Europe is recovering from the

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wastage of war, from its political and moral disintegration, we shall be consolidating our commercial and financial position. We shall not aim deliberately at substituting our interests for those of the European nations, but it will come to the same thing in the end.

But will not America recognize the obligation to use her power primarily for the building up of the nations prostrated by the war, instead of for the advancing of her own imperial interests? Not if the project of a League of Peace fails. America will recall that she was ready and eager to enter upon a compact that would have made the interest of one nation the interest of all. She will recall that she was ready to sink her own half conscious imperial ambitions in the common good of the world. If America's pacific good-will shall have met with no response, Americans will feel themselves absolved from the obligation to look to other interests than their own. If the European nations shall have proved incorrigibly imperialistic, Americans will not shrink from playing the same imperialistic game, and with a vigor corresponding to the nation's vast resources.

America is like a young lion that has tasted blood but feels only dimly the yearning of force. She still prefers the ways of peace, the honor of a nation among equals, cooperating in a work that transcends the bounds of nationality. But if the other nations choose to subordinate the peace of the world to petty aspirations for national aggrandizement America has least to lose. She is in a position to establish her own security and prosperity. And if the methods she employs to establish them should prejudice the interests of other nations, America will remember that it was not by her own choice that a new epoch of competitive imperialism was inaugurated.

Hypotheses vs. Certainties in International Politics

"WE have the right," says the Temps, which speaks for the official French point of view, "to found peace on something else than an hypothesis. Certainties are required." Presumably the Temps means by the word "hypothesis" in the foregoing quotation the American plan to found the future security of the world on a League of Free Nations. Presumably it means by the word "certainty" an ironclad agreement between France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States to sustain the treaty of peace with all their military and naval resources and, consequently, to enter into an alliance which would in the future make their joint will supreme throughout the world. If such is the meaning of the Temps, if it considers the difference between an alliance, pledged primarily to maintain a preponderance of power in its own hands and a League of Nations, pledged primarily to seek the aid of all the nations in placing the moral and physical force of the world behind the reign of equal justice, equivalent to the difference between a certainty and an hypothesis, there is, we fear, small chance of an agreement between France and America about the foundations of the future peace of the world.

Can the Temps really be serious in describing an alliance among the four largest victors in the war for the sake of keeping the preponderance of power in their own hands as a method of imparting certainty to the future organization of Europe? The proposed alliance would not differ in structure and purpose from the alliances whereby the European nations were united and divided previous to the war. Alliances of this kind so far from imparting any certainty and security to the peace of the world have again and again proved to be unmanageable, evanescent and untrustworthy. The perfect example is, of course, the Triple Alliance organized by Bismarck to secure for Germany the dominant position in Europe which she obtained as a result of her victory over France. For many years the Triple Alliance did live up to a high standard of international assurance. Apparently it was an hypothesis which worked. If it had been and continued to be as united and stable as it looked, it would have been invincible even against an alliance of France, Russia and Great Britain. But such alliances are not stable. They are united by a fluid compromise of interests rather than by genuine community of purposes. The bargain always works in favor of the most aggressive member of the combination and so provokes at first misgivings, then friction and finally dissension and divorce. This is precisely what happened to the Triple Alliance. Italy never reaped the same advantages from it as did the Austrian and German Empires. She waxed lukewarm and finally fell away as soon as the bond was subjected to a severe test. Italys will exist in every alliance. There will always be some Power whose interests are not sufficiently promoted by the bargain and which will break away whenever its government sees a better opportunity of gaining its ends by resuming its independence and making a new bargain. You cannot construct political certainties out of such treacherous and uncertain materials. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The new alliance as proposed by Senator Knox and M. Clemenceau would not differ in any essential respect from its predecessors in Europe except by the inclusion of a trans-Atlantic nation, the United States. It would be composed of Powers

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which planned to guarantee and to promote exclusive and dubious interests by pooling both their assets and liabilities. Take France's own case. She demands certain substantial compensations for her losses and suffering during the war, and certain safeguards against a counter attack. She will take back Alsace-Lorraine. She will include in Alsace-Lorraine the Saar Valley. She claims as a matter of right a larger part of the former Turkish Empire. She insists on a frontier which will protect her from invasion and leave Germany open to invasion. What the result would be of all these acquisitions is a matter of hypothesis. They will increase rather than diminish the element of insecurity in the international situation of France. Alsace-Lorraine will be troublesome to France because of its close economic relations with Germany and the large number of its German-speaking inhabitants, and because the French government refuses to validate its title by formally consulting the inhabitants of the territory. The annexation of the Saar valley is much more dubious. It will arouse bitter resentment in Germany and cannot be justified under any right except that of power. The proposed additions to the already large colonial domain of France will, as in the case of the African colonies, raise dangerous international issues whose intrinsic uncertainties cannot be banished by pooling them with the similar uncertainties of other Powers. If France insists on special economic privileges for her own trades in these new colonies, as she has done in her existing dependencies, she may be able to recoup her wealth, but she will not add to her security. In all these respects France would have furnished to other nations a reason not for letting her cultivate her new garden in peace but for contesting her equitable claim to its fruits. She would be powerless to defend her new possessions without the assistance of her Allies and the burden of defending them would not be light. Neither could such assistance be considered certain. Even though the President negotiated and obtained the ratification of a treaty which enabled France to call on the resources of the United States for the defense of a strategic frontier between herself and Germany and a closed colonial empire, there would immediately arise a powerful American party which would work for its abrogation.

We do not know of any method of obtaining for France the assurance of future safety to which, according to the Temps, she is entitled. The world has never been in more fluid and experimental condition than now, and this malady of uncertainty is as incurable for a nation as it is for an individual. But there is a better means of obtaining for the French nation an increased measure of safety than that proposed by the Clemenceau government. It would be to forestall future questions and contests and win the needed future assistance of all free nations by placing behind French gains as the result of victory the general principles of international equity. France's claim to Alsace-Lorraine, good as it is, would be enormously strengthened by an affirmative plebiscite. There would then be no valid pretext for considering any part of Alsace as a Germania Irredenta, and the free nations would resent a German attempt to recover the territory as they would a claim to any other part of France. As to the Saar Valley, its annexation, except with the consent of the inhabitants, would be a grievous mistake which would always cost France the same kind of uncertainty which Danish Schleswig or Prussian Poland has cost Germany. Finally if France wishes her colonial Empire to become a source of national security rather than of national insecurity she would do well to permit the capital and goods of other nations to enter her dependencies on the same terms as French capital and goods. In that case neither Germany nor any other nation would have any but a bad reason to covet the French dependencies, and America and Great Britain would have many good reasons to defend the French title.

The decisive difference between the League of Nations favored by President Wilson and the old-fashioned alliance turns upon requirements such as those we have suggested with respect to France. The Alliance depends upon the joint guaranty of national interests, no matter how dubious they may be. The League must ask of its members the subordination of their interests to generally accepted rules of international comity. Both methods of organizing international security are, if you please, hypotheses, but the hypothesis of a League of Nations, although it will be more difficult to try it out, will, if it works, achieve much more enduring and socially valuable results. Alliances have never worked except for short periods, because, as we have already pointed out, there is no stability in a mere combination of interests. But there is at least the chance of stability in the attempt, however hypothetical, to organize community of purpose among nations. Hypothesis for hypothesis, the League has the advantage of being a more worthy and promising political enterprise.

When, we should like to know, did France begin to prefer the hypotheses of political realism to the hypotheses of democratic political idealism? Late in the eighteenth century France submitted to the world an untried political hypothesis called democracy. French democracy differed from English and American self-government because it insisted on equality no less than liberty and combined them both in the higher conception of the possible poli-

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tical reality of human brotherhood. French enterprise in proposing the democratic hypothesis involved the French people in many perils, but have any Frenchmen but Bourbons failed to consider them worth while? Democracy still remains an hypothesis and, as the recent experience indicates, it is an hypothesis which will fail unless its principles apply to international no less than to domestic political questions. The early French democrats realized this condition of democratic success, but they were isolated and could do nothing. Yet their conception of democracy, flowering as it did in an aspiration towards human perfectibility and brotherhood, contained the germ of a League of Nations. President Wilson is asking France to accept an idea which belongs to France more than it does to America. In the end she will not refuse. Sooner or later France will officially take back into her arms her own child. The appropriate capital for the League of Nations is not Constantinople, nor the Hague, nor Berne, nor any international District of Columbia, but Paris, the defense of which has just required millions of British, Australian, Canadian and American democrats to cross the seas. It was in Paris that modern men first conceived democracy as a faith for which they were commanded, if necessary, to die. Most Americans under the President's leadership are coming to conceive the League of Free Nations also as a faith, and the kind of faith which brings with it certainty of spirit if not safety of body. They have the support of many Frenchmen. In the end France too will seek its certitudes not by pursuing an egocentric political realism but, as she formerly did, in pursuing, regardless of risk, those political ideals which she can share with all mankind.

How to Propagate Bolshevism

IT appears certain that the gods mean to destroy the reactionaries. They have already been struck mad. They are aware that a great menace to their interests has been unloosed upon the world: Bolshevism. What means are they proposing for keeping it under control? Force; but where in history do they discover a doctrine suppressed by force? Kill the Bolsheviki, urges ex-President Taft. We are doing it, and the more we kill, the more of them there are. Keep supplies away from Russia and starve Bolshevism out; so less vigorous spoken reactionaries advise. But you starve fifty other Russians to every Bolshevik; and any starving man is a potential Bolshevik.

Well, Russia is a bad job, anyway, sigh the reactionaries. Down to the present we have only made matters worse, but perhaps if we had used more force, killed more Bolsheviki, applied starvation more vigorously, we might have succeeded. We'll see what can be done along that line in the future. And if we fail, Russia is remote; perhaps we can localize the plague. Will not an embargo on Russian propagandists, Russian revolutionary literature, quarantine us satisfactorily? It might, if Bolshevism were an infection. But everybody ought to know by this time that it is not. Like scurvy and pellagra, it has chiefly to do with defective nutrition. Therefore it can't be kept away by quarantine.

There is not the remotest chance that Bolshevism can win over more than a minute fraction of those classes that have reason to consider their present economic and political status tolerable and their prospects good. Trotzky's logic can command the allegiance only of the disinherited. Now, this is one of the most curious facts in the history of social politics: At the very moment when the reactionary is racking his brains for devices to check the spread of Trotzky's logic, he is revolving plans for turning over to Trotzky's influence a whole great nation of the disinherited. That is not the way he puts it to himself. In his mind of water-tight compartments he conceives that those plans have nothing to do with Trotzky and Bolshevism. They are plans for levying stupendous indemnities upon Germany, and the reactionaries reason about them in terms of punitive justice, of the expediency of keeping Germany permanently weak, in war and industry, of the relief to the Allied taxpayer that would follow the transfer of the major part of the war charges to Germany. These are all good reactionary reasons; but the policy they are meant to support can be judged only by its effects. Taking the economic condition of Germany as it is, how will an indemnity policy affect it, and what will be the reaction upon German political life? Those are the tests that a conservative common sense would apply to all indemnity proposals.

What the economic condition of Germany was before the war is fairly well agreed upon among statisticians. The aggregate wealth, private and public, can not have been less than seventy-five billions of dollars; it may have approached one hundred billions. The aggregate private income fell between ten billions and twelve. The war has increased the private wealth of the German people by indefinite billions of war bonds—mortgages upon the pre-existing tangible wealth. It has reduced the tangible wealth enormously through five years of excessive wear and tear. In terms of real purchasing power the aggregate income of Germany must have been reduced by one-fifth or

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more, and the aggregate capital in as large proportion.

From the pre-war income of ten or twelve billions we must deduct the minimum of subsistence of 65,000,000 people if we desire to arrive at the surplus which aliments conservatism, which offers hope to the ambitious and keeps them aloof from the revolutionary spirit. Perhaps that surplus amounted to five billions before the war. It can hardly exceed four billions now. That is interest on an indemnity of eighty billions, or two-thirds of the cost that the Allies have incurred in fighting the war.

Thus if we levied upon Germany only two-thirds of the indemnity that even responsible statesmen are claiming, we should have stripped the land of all surplus income for an indefinite period, since German industry could not fail to decay still further under the exaction of tribute. For an indefinite period there would be no recipients of rents, interest, profits, no favored class of high-salaried men among the Germans. All would be proletarians, laboring incessantly for their daily bread. Germany would represent a vast lecture hall for Trotzky, where no one would hiss. With all the surplus income that corresponds with property income syphoned out for alien benefit, would a single German be disposed to dispute the maxim: Property is robbery? Of course, we should have our army of occupation in Germany. We might instruct them to shoot Trotzky and his kind wherever they appeared. Much would it profit us. Their blood would cry out that property is also murder.

Perhaps, then, we had better be somewhat more modest in our indemnity demands. How about forty billions, which would leave, say, two billions of surplus income, to stiffen the structure of German society against Bolshevist attacks? Or twenty billions, which would leave three-fourths of the surplus? Let those who have weighed well the risks decide how many of the supports of German law and order can safely be cut away.

Those risks are great. In the whole of Europe, east of the Rhine, where, outside of Germany, do we find middle-class fortunes numerous enough to offer a bulwark against Bolshevism? Not in Russia, nor in the Ukraine, nor in Poland. Not in Rumania, nor in Hungary, Bulgaria, nor Jugo-Slavia. Not among the German-Austrians, nor the Czecho-Slovaks. Let Germany take fire with Bolshevism; we shall find no barriers to stop the flames anywhere east of the Rhine. But will not the Rhine and the Isonzo offer adequate protection against the westward spread of the conflagration? That is what the reactionaries must assume. Manifestly, the gods have decided upon their destruction.

Amnesty for Conscientious Objectors

IN England there is already on foot a movement for the release of all persons held in prison for conscientious refusal to do military service. It is not a radical movement. Nor is it a sentimental movement. Among the signers of the petitions for amnesty we find such names as those of Viscount Bryce, Viscount Morley, Augustin Birrell, Sir John Simon, Arthur Henderson, Lord Buckmaster, the Marquis of Crewe, Lord Loreburn. Seventeen bishops have signed the petition and a host of other clergymen. These are not the kind of names that would appear on any petition urging lenient treatment of ordinary offenders. These men have been wholehearted supporters of the war and of the measures necessary to render England's war policies effective. They would be among the last to urge any action that would be prejudicial to the good order of the state. They demand amnesty for conscientious objectors simply because the measures against conscientious objectors are war measures, like conscription itself, and because their retention after the war has ceased is gratuitous inhumanity. They recognize that no civil purpose is advanced in the least by further penalties inflicted upon conscientious objectors. Therefore, why not set them free?

What, after all, is the rationale of the measures inflicting penalties upon conscientious objectors to war? No free state can possibly make a crime out of refusal to serve in war when such refusal is actuated by sincere conscientious motives. We may consider such an attitude illogical, absurd. We may see grave public inconveniences in it. But we have passed beyond the point of barbarism in which men presume to distinguish between the logical and the illogical, the serviceable and the disserviceable in other men's consciences. We do not compel men to eat meat on Friday if their consciences require them to fast. We do not require men to eat swine's flesh when their consciences pronounce it an abomination. And if a man's conscience forbids him to serve in war, or to perform any service that even indirectly bears upon war, we are bound to respect it. To attempt by threats and penalties to force such a man into military service would be tyranny as hideous as that of the Roman proconsul who slew the seven brothers and their mother because they refused to eat swine's flesh.

If we had been able to look into men's souls and determined precisely what was in their consciences, we should have had not the slightest excuse for restricting the liberty of that infinitesimal fraction of our population that is conscientiously opposed to all war. But conscientious objections are easily

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feigned where they do not exist. If we had accepted them as an adequate ground for total exemption, we should have paved the way for the cowards and shirks who wished to escape their civic obligations. Therefore it was necessary to hedge conscientious objection about with hardships adequate to test its reality. It was necessary to prescribe alternative service, to impose discipline, possibly extremely harsh discipline. But this, let us bear in mind, was not for the sake of punishing conscientious objection. It was not for the sake of overbearing the conscientious scruples of men. The sincere conscientious objector was absolutely blameless, in the light of the fundamental institutions of our state. What injuries we inflicted upon him were to serve no other purpose than that of restraining other men who would have feigned conscientious objection. We made the sincere objector suffer vicariously for the potential insincere objector. The conscientious objectors in disciplinary barracks or in jails represented nothing but a part of our machinery of conscription. That was a hideous bit of machinery to use, but we were at war and did not stick at means.

But now the war is over and we have scrapped the rest of our machinery of conscription, is there the slightest reason why we should keep this least defensible part of our machinery in motion? Is there the least ground for subjecting to further privations and tortures the men who have committed no crime against the state?

No crime? But how does it come that they are serving penitentiary terms of ten, twenty, twenty-five years, under sentence by court martial? That is a result of the infinite stupidity of our war policy, which we ought not to seek to justify, but for which we ought to make amends. We knew in advance that there were a few men of draft age who were taking too seriously the scriptural injunction "Thou shalt not kill." It was incumbent upon us to adjust our treatment of them precisely to the need. That we did not do. We induced some of them to register; others we forcibly inducted into the army, and thus subjected them to a regime of military law and administration which, in the well considered words of the president of the American Bar Association, "are unworthy of the names of law and justice," with punishments "not only grossly harsh" but differing so widely "that we find the same offense punished in one court martial by twenty-five years in the penitentiary and in another by six months in disciplinary barracks."

Under military law men whose conscientious objections were plainly honest have been ordered to perform work that they honestly conceived to be military in character and therefore as abhorrent to their consciences as the taking of life itself. For refusal to do such work they have been court-martialed and sentenced to terms exceeding those commonly imposed for the crime of murder. Men have been brutally hauled about, kicked and beaten by their guards, and officers who failed to prevent the outrages have been honorably discharged for it. Men have been manacled, confined for outrageous periods in solitary confinement, thrust into a dangerous condition of physical debility, driven insane. To what end, in God's name? In order to strike terror into the hearts of draft evaders outside: that was the only plausible reason. But then why were not these tortures conducted in the open, where they might have exerted their supposed salutary effects? Why did not Mr. Baker's War department bulletins run something like this: "The Department reports with satisfaction that C. O. John Smith has been so successfully harried that he is now a raving maniac, and the chances are excellent that he will never recover?"

In conception our policy in the matter of the conscientious objectors was a stupidity; in execution it was a black disgrace. Let us forget it, grant amnesty to ourselves for it; we were only stupid, not depraved. But first, let us grant amnesty to the conscientious objectors for the wrongs they committed against us and the wrongs we inflicted upon them. And let us not leave it to the radicals, the sentimentalists, the sympathizers with doctriary pacificism, to make the first move in the matter. This is not a radical issue, but an issue as old and as respectable as political liberty. Let us call upon men who hold positions of gravity in the state comparable with those of the British petitioners, men like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Root, Mr. Parker, President Lowell, President Pritchett, President Butler to give this proof that the freedom of conscience of even the meanest Holy Jumper is precious beyond estimation in their eyes.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1919, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE: REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Victory Without Peace

Chicago, December 29, 1918.

EDITOR OF NEW REPUBLIC:

As I read your gloomy and despairing editorials, I wonder whether you recall what the President said of those who took his message of January 21, 1917, seriously: "What I am opposed to is not their feeling, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace, but I know how to get it and they do not."

The President is perhaps the only man who still thinks he can get the peace he wants. What you and he are struggling against is the legitimate fruit of victory.

Yours very truly,
ERNST FREUND.

NO, we are struggling against the natural and the traditional fruit of victory, but not the legitimate fruit unless Mr. Freund proposes to legitimate the subordination of right to power. Yet in view of the apparent willingness of the victors to abuse victory Mr. Freund does well to recall the President's Senate address of January 21st, 1917, in which he asked for peace without victory, and to contrast it with his arrogant assertion of a later date that he possessed the secret of marrying a victory of power with a peace of righteousness. I do not recollect any decisive military victory in history which has not been abused in one way or another, except, perhaps, the victory of Prussia over Austria in 1866. In claiming so confidently that he knows how to get the peace he wants with victory, the President was uttering an enormous pretension about which, as his recent speeches indicate, he is becoming uneasy. He has a poor chance of getting the peace he wants, and he will soon have to face the extremely disagreeable alternative either of pretending the peace which he gets is the peace which he wants or of admitting he does not know how to get the peace which he wants.

In the address of January 21st, 1917, following upon his previous appeal to the belligerents for a statement of war aims, he sought to bring about by general consent a peace which embodied healing and binding political principles and for which the world would not have to pay the colossal cost of victory. He challenged European statesmen to justify a continuation of the war, and he based his challenge, not merely on the apparent improbability of military victory for either side, but on the ominous fact that victory purchased by destroying the tissue and the fabric of the existing social order would visit upon all many of the most grievous penalties of defeat. He asked them to consider as the basis of peace some of the more fundamental principles which all the belligerents proclaimed as binding upon their enemies if not upon themselves. He did not expect immediate capitulation, but he anticipated, as the war-weariness increased, the rise of an irresistible popular pressure on all governments in favor of negotiations on the basis proposed by him. He hoped by throwing the future support of the United States into the balance to secure the acquiescence by all the fighting nations of the principles of international right which, as they claimed, their enemies ought to observe. It was a daring and a risky though not a hopeless plan, but he was never allowed time to carry it through. Neither side would consider peace without victory. Least of all the Germans. They struck to prevent it at once.

The German answer to the President's untraditional diplomacy was to invoke the only weapon which in their headstrong ignorance they believed to be still capable of bringing them a decisive victory. The immediate use of the submarine weapon as a commerce destroyer actually turned out to be the chief cause of their ultimate defeat, but let that ironical fact pass for the moment. The rulers of Germany, when they unleashed the submarine, deliberately willed to render peace without victory impossible. In January, 1918, they drove the lesson home by replying to the President's speeches of that month with the Brest-Litovsk treaty. They preferred to gamble with all the resources of the German people for a complete military victory, and, considering the sources of their power and the nature of their policy they had no alternative. The result of submitting their case to the political conscience of the nations and of measuring the desirability of their political structure in Central Europe by the principles of international right would have meant their own political exposure and downfall. The frantic efforts made by them to grasp victory not only necessitated their defeat, hideously costly as that defeat was, but, by forcing a declaration of war from the United States, actually brought it about.

Considering how stubbornly the Germans risked a decisive defeat in order to obtain a decisive victory, it does not seem unfair to impose on them the traditional consequences of military failure. They brought on themselves one of the most necessary and thoroughly deserved defeats in the annals of warfare. The German ruling class accepted the usual penalty of defeat when they deliberately preferred the gamble of an unrighteous peace with

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victory to the gamble of a righteous peace without victory. Yet the law, universal as it is, is only the modern survival of the barbarous law of retaliation which, however natural, is quite without moral justification. If the relations among civilized peoples are ever to be determined by principles of right, this time-honored association between victory and vindictiveness must be broken. Some nation or group of nations will win a victory which they will not abuse, but will use so as to make unnecessary rather than indispensable some future application of the law of retaliation to themselves. Why not now at the end of this most destructive of all wars? President Wilson wishes the Allies to celebrate their victory by an honorable violation of this law of retaliation, by applying to Germany not the rule she would have applied to them, but the rule which they claim she ought to apply to them. He wants the Golden Rule substituted for the Lex Talionis, and there is no overpowering disposition on the continent of Europe to give him what he wants.

The immediate outlook, be it admitted, is not cheerful. The victorious statesmen who are about to assemble in Paris have not learned what should be for them the ultimate lesson of the war. They are substantially the same body or the same kind of men who governed Europe during the years immediately preceding 1914. During those years they did nothing to prevent the impending disaster and much to render its coming inevitable. The former ruling classes of Russia and Germany were the chief culprits, but until Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians and even Americans admit or are forced to admit their share of responsibility for the ruin of Europe there can be no stable reconstruction. Immersed as they are in the sea of calamities which have been precipitated in part by their own statesmanship, they betray little or no disposition to repent and reform. Most of them are callously resuming the old game of appropriating everything that an enforced respect for the opinion of mankind will permit, and of justifying the appropriation by words about rights, justice and civilization. They have failed to divine that unless their work begins in contrition, renunciation and prayer they will betray the millions of young men who have expiated with their lives the past sins of European statesmen. They have not enough imagination to see that the history of their performances will not be written by their bureaux of propaganda and that any wilful betrayal of fundamental human interests will be treated by future historians with contempt and even execration. They are as ready as ever to cut with the sword every problem which is difficult to unravel, and they are as reluctant as ever to seek the justification for their policy in its beneficial effects on the welfare of all the affected human beings rather than on aggrandizement of a nation or of a class.

Yet poor as are the prospects of a magnanimous and durable peace, we do not feel gloomy about the ultimate prospects. For the first time in political history the issue is being clearly drawn between the friends and the enemies of international socialization. The issue has not, it is true, been clarified in the minds of many generous people who are afflicted and enraged by the injuries which the German nation has wrought on its neighbors; and these people cling to the policy of retaliation as a simple measure of justice. But in so far as they are really generous and disinterested they cannot long sustain this attitude. The application of the law of retaliation, even though it springs from just indignation, is demoralizing both to the victors and the victims, and in a society which moves along as hurriedly and as publicly as does the world of today moral maladies quickly betray themselves. In so far as the treaty of peace does embody the old law of doing unto others what you would most fear and resent in case they did it unto you, the instrument will from the start cause uneasiness, friction and recrimination. Public opinion cannot be prevented from understanding why it fails to work. Its results will be tested by the principles of right which have been ignored in framing its provisions. Owing chiefly to President Wilson's public advocacy of those principles, its title to the future allegiance of the peoples will be clouded. Some day, some not very remote day, some popular court of last appeal will declare it invalid. The retaliationists may beat the President now, but they will win a Pyrrhic victory. His ideas cannot be stopped from marching on and from trampling ruthlessly on their handiwork. He has started an ultimately irresistible invasion of the most massive stronghold of irresponsible and unrighteous power, of the most respectable remaining refuge of vindictiveness, oppression and greed.

The victorious march of these ideas will be costly, perhaps almost as costly as the great war. European statesmen still have it in their power to save the world a large part of this cost by calling in the spirit of Christ to cast out the hoary devils with which their own souls are still haunted, but they are not doing it. They are turning over to agitators a work which could be performed with far less effort by imaginative and magnanimous statesmanship. The gospel according to Woodrow Wilson will probably have to employ the same rough methods to overcome its enemies as did the gospel according to Jean Jacques Rousseau. Many men will be killed in fighting at the barricades of the new city of God, and many men, women and children will be forced off the roads to die through

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starvation and pestilence in the neighboring fields. For the gospel according to Woodrow Wilson is as capable of being propagated by the machine gun and by frightfulness as by the typewriter. But to its credit, be it said, it is not satisfied with continuing to pay lives for lives. It seeks to use life to enhance life rather than to destroy life, and ultimately its converts will find a way of substituting the Golden Rule for the Lex Talionis. Their success may have to wait many generations until the art and method of social progress is pursued with as much zeal as the art and method of individual, class and national appropriation. But with every generation there are more people in the world who refuse to submit to any tyranny, even the tyranny of great ideas, and who little by little will see to it that ideas march in the lives of people rather than over their lives. Then the law of retaliation may be renounced and men will look candidly and trustingly into one another's eyes.

H. C.

The Arch in New York City

THE conditions of ancient life made defensive walls a necessary part of every city. Among familiar places Sparta was for long a conspicuous and perhaps unique exception and was proud in the confidence that it reposed in the sole guardianship of its living defenses. But in general ancient towns were walled towns and therefore needed gates for entrance and exit. Through the gates the armed forces of the place went forth to wage war against a neighboring commonwealth, and through the gates they came again to enter the city's sacred enclosure. It was natural that when the troops returned from a victorious campaign and were met at the walls by rejoicing throngs that the gates through which they passed to tread once more the soil, which was not that of the city only but essentially that of the state as well, should have been hung with trophies and engarlanded. In those days the gates of the city-state were an obvious, unmistakable, physical fact, and besides that they were points of religious significance, places at which the gods sat watching with sleepless eyes, over the well-being of their beloved towns.

In later days the city-states had come to lose their independence. The power of Rome had reached across the breadth of the civilized world, and with the extension of the Roman power came the Roman peace. For several centuries the legions held the enemy at bay at the distant frontiers of the empire or even stretched those frontiers at a few chosen points. No foreign armies threatened the peace of the cities within the empire's borders and no walls were required for their defense. It was during this period, mainly, that the arches, hundreds of them, were erected in many cities of the land.

Of these arches the most familiar by far are the triumphal arches of Rome, those of Titus, Severus and Constantine. These did not mark the actual city boundaries, for the world's capital had spread far out in all directions, but instead they were related to the forum, where the city's life had its focus, where stood the temples of the gods, and through which passed the triumphal procession on its way to the Capitol. The forum was a symbol even as the arch was a symbol, and as symbols both were very real.

This was equally true of many other arches built in unwalled towns where they were often still at the city limits. If not actual gates, though probably in many cases barriers existed as in modern towns of Italy and France, these arches were symbolic gates. Their shapes, their structure, responded to an ideal function even when that function no longer required to be actually exercised. They fulfilled a valid purpose, that of defining and giving visible form to an ideal reality. The city no longer an independent state, had still an identity both real and spiritual, and the gods continued their vigils at the city gates. The gates were functional even though no one were to pass through them except on ceremonial occasions. They were real as a flag is real, a crown and sceptre, or a mace of empire.

In later times when all that had survived of Roman glory was its tradition and its ruins, arches were often erected, either in imitation of those of Rome, or for the same reasons that had justified those earlier ones. The best known of these later arches is undoubtedly the huge monument that stands today in the Place de L'Etoile in Paris, that splendid structure which now rather unsatisfactorily marks the meeting place of many radiating avenues. It was founded by the great Napoleon and completed by his little successors. It was desecrated by the conquering feet of Prussian armies in 1871, but it will be consecrated anew by the return of the victorious soldiers of the war about to finish. We know it at the present time as a great towering mass crowning the Avenue des Champs Elysées well within the city limits and entirely unrelated in its ground plan to the star of avenues that radiate from it. But when it was built its meaning was quite different or rather it had then a valid meaning, for it stood at the city limits and lay upon the road that led from St. Germain to the Tuileries. It was the gateway opening on the most magnificent street of Paris and pointed with magniloquent pride to the palace of the triumphant

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emperor. The emperor fell and for a while the monument languished. Then it was continued for the greater glory of the Bourbons, but finally it was concluded by Louis Philippe and dedicated to the glory of all French arms.

The arches in Europe, those that are still standing and those that have long since fallen in ruin, had a reason for being, but what reason can there be for putting up an arch at Madison Square? It serves absolutely no function actual or ideal that has a current relevance, except to be marched under and to obstruct the traffic. Could anything be sillier! Why should there be thrown on our returning soldiers the momentary shadow of an arch that means nothing, that is nowhere, that leads nowhere, and that only brains pickled in Greco-Romano-Gallic brine could ever have conceived? A Roman triumphal arch, the emblem of the Cæsars, in so far as it is anything but a city gate, seems not the most appropriate monument to celebrate the fall of the Cæsars. Something might have been found a little less tedious and a little more to the point. Was this war not great enough, is this country not sufficiently furnished with unsterilized minds, to produce something which is other than irrelevant, unfitting, meaningless or wrong-meaning and entirely cumbersome? The most foolish person in the world could not have had this as an original idea, but there it is to stand, the regular old rigmarole of Imperial Rome, the arches, and the columns supporting the cornice, and the rest of the tweedledum, tweedledee, addenda. As Coleridge is made to say in the Rejected Addresses:

" My pensive public wherefore look you sad,
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey,
And when that donkey looked me in the face
His face was sad, and you are sad my public."

If we must have some absurdity let us have an entertaining one and leave aside these depressing moribundities. They make me feel a little like Mark Twain's friend, the doctor in Innocents Abroad when the guide wanted to impress him with a mummy " four thousand years old," and he indignantly rejected it, demanding that if he was to have a corpse served on him, it should at least be a fresh one.

What is the matter anyway? More people than usual have been in Washington recently and so all the world and his cousins and his aunts have had the opportunity to see the Lincoln Memorial down there, and those who were led by the spectacle to anything so riotous as intellectual curiosity, and who asked themselves why Lincoln and why in Washington, may well have been at a loss for an answer. I fear that those who rule the roost of art in this country are sadly lacking in the tragic frivolity that characterizes the vitally creative mind. That is the very soul of beauty, of its enduring fragility, its deathless dying and its eternal birth. But it is not to be gained by one who seeks his goal in Greco-Roman brummagem or who plays safe in a world of outworn meanings.

No, this thing must be sought elsewhere and in only one place can it be found. That is in the solution of the problems of today. Of course this does not mean that all things old are outworn, not even for the most modern of modern purposes. Age has indeed nothing whatever to do with it—vitality is all. The meaning must be current, as many ancient beliefs are still actively current in many parts of the world, and the form must be intelligible, as many old forms are. There must be relevance of a genuine kind. Therefore the Woolworth building and the Equitable, the Forty-second Street Tower, and many other things both great and small have some measure of it, no matter how unsatisfying they may be on the whole. The decorations of Fifth Avenue for the Red Cross Roll Call had it, though most fractionally. These decorations certainly were not a great success. There was inexperience, ineffectualness, manifested everywhere. The thing missed scale and adequacy of expression. And none the less the attempt was to the purpose. More opportunity and more experience would lead to more result. The thing had life because it dealt with facts. The effort was related genuinely to the object to be sought. One was not thrilled by the result. But I, at least, felt cheerful in the contemplation of an actual process that might, if persisted in, lead further.

But it is different when one looks at the Lincoln Memorial or contemplates the picture, widely circulated, of the Memorial Arch. Those things were dead before they were born. They have respectable ancestors but no promise of a progeny. The only thing that the Memorial Arch can lead to is Washington Square, where one will find another one, a pretty, lonely, little thing, like a woolly lamb astray in the wide, wide world. It has no part or meaning in the place and is utterly unrelated to anything about it. It is a lonely orphan for its parents have been dead a long, long time, and its misbegotten self is a pointless anachronism. This sort of thing is really suicidal and, as Daniel Webster said, suicide is confession.

Longfellow was undoubtedly right when he declared with more sincerity than eloquence that " Life is real, life is earnest," and what precisely gives it significance is its present tense. The cheerfully fluent works of art that can be readily assembled in any architect's library have very little present tense in them. They have timelessness, that much-vaunted character of supreme beauty,

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only in the sense that they are never timely. Nobody wants them except the people who cannot think of anything else. "The soldiers are coming home," says Mayor Hylan, "go to, let us make an arch." And so they made an arch. No enquiry apparently why there should be an arch except that there is to be a procession, and soldiers marching in a procession apparently need an arch to march through, as equestriennes in a circus need a hoop to jump through. A little cause for gratitude there is, in that the hoop is not permanent. Let us hope that its permanent successor, if there is one on the way, will be permanently halted in its creator's brain.

The obviously sensible course to have taken was very different from the actual method of "habitual inspiration." It would have required the recognition of the real conditions. Here we are in twentieth century America. More accurately to the geographical fact we are in New York City. Soldiers are coming home from a victorious campaign. We need some action that applies to this situation. They are not Roman legions nor are they the battalions of Napoleon. They are not returning to an ancient city where every person can understand the symbolism of the arch and gate. Here in New York not one person in ten thousand does. If art today can do no better in commemoration of the greatest happening of our time than to put up a large and highly decorated hoop, it may be fairly reckoned bankrupt. The question is insistent. What's the answer?

LEO STEIN.

More Educational Inquisition

VIEWED in itself, the case of Miss Gertrude Pignol, dismissed for disloyalty from the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn, is a small matter in this time of large affairs. It was Miss Pignol's misfortune to be of German birth. It was her further misfortune to be too sincere and straightforward to disavow before her inquisitors the pain she experienced when the two countries she loved found themselves engaged in desperate war. She has been deprived of her living, but that is something that has happened to thousands in analogous circumstances. Where her case is significant is in the light it sheds upon the spirit that animates our educational bureaucracy.

The facts in the case are simple enough. Prior to our entry into the war Miss Pignol's sympathies were with Germany. There is no indication in the evidence upon which she was condemned that she ever prostituted her official position to the fomenting of pro-German spirit among her students or colleagues. But after America broke with Germany there was a lot of tittle-tattle among the other teachers in the school, intended to show that she could not be truly loyal to America. One teacher dug out of her hazy memory a statement alleged to have been made by Miss Pignol eleven years ago that she would be ashamed to be an American citizen—a statement most improbable in view of Miss Pignol's admiration for democratic institutions. Another recalled that at about the time of the Lusitania sinking Miss Pignol had tried to dissuade a German woman from returning to Germany to eat up the Germans' food. A third had heard Miss Pignol say that the press accounts of German outrages were biased; a fourth floated a dubious tale that Miss Pignol had refused to sign a food card. Miss Pignol, it was recalled, had objected to the posting by the librarian of a cartoon of the Kaiser in the days of our neutrality; she had cried when she was asked to subscribe to the Red Cross funds and had admitted that the slaughters of the war overwhelmed her with unhappiness. It was rumored that she had not stood while the Star Spangled Banner was played, but it appears that Miss Pignol was not in the room at the time designated. What is indisputable was that she possessed a locket or pin, with the portrait of the Kaiser's grandfather on one side and cornflowers on the other. In Miss Pignol's eyes it was a work of art and an object of sentiment, having been engraved by her father. And even after we entered the war she had affirmed, in the presence of another teacher, "I dare wear it."

Such was the chatter going on among the teachers of the Manual Training High School; just the conventional sort of gossiping and backbiting that in so many places is robbing the teaching profession of the dignity and humanity with which it was once clothed. When Miss Pignol returned to the school after a brief leave of absence in the middle of last March, the principal of the school felt called upon to hold an inquisition into her patriotism. Through this inquisition he ascertained that Miss Pignol refused to subscribe for war bonds; believed in a peace by conciliation; believed that our people did not want the war; that a referendum would show this; and that our government constitutes neither a democracy nor a true representative government. Let it be understood clearly: Miss Pignol was not charged with any acts exhibiting or implying these views. She was not charged with trying to propagate them. They were extracted from her through the principal's abuse of his official position. They were then embodied in a letter to the Associate Superintendent of Schools, Dr. John Tildsley, that same Dr. Tildsley of "implicit obedience to au-

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thority" fame whose patriotism is as much purer than that of the United States government as the orthodoxy of any mean little divine is purer than that of the Founder of Christianity.

So Dr. Tildsley held an inquisition of his own. He found Miss Pignol sincere and straightforward, and counselled with her as to whether there was any way in which she could change her views so that she could continue in the school service. But Miss Pignol's views happened to be sincere, not to be changed at will like a garment. Accordingly Mr. Tildsley submitted formal charges to the Board of Education, (1) That Miss Pignol did not believe in the war; (2) That she was under the impression that it was not necessary for the United States to be engaged in the war; (3) That she would not do everything in her power to further the policies of the United States government in carrying on the war; (4) That she would not pledge her cooperation in every way in her power to the United States government in its measures for the prosecution of the present war against the German government.

Of these points the first two relate to matters of opinion. It was an indecent impertinence on the part of an official of a democracy to raise them at all. The last two look grave. But simmered down to the concrete fact at the bottom of them they amounted to only this: Miss Pignol would not buy Liberty bonds. She had seen an advertisement saying that one bond would buy 2007 bullets—that was in the time when our bond salesmen were experimenting in blood and thunder methods of propaganda—and that revolted her. She recognized her duty to urge her students to subscribe, employing the arguments furnished by the school and making any additional explanations necessary in their spirit, although feeling a little doubt as to her effectiveness in this work, as one to which she could not give herself wholeheartedly. She felt free to refuse to subscribe herself. If that was disloyalty, it may be observed, there was plenty of it not only in the schools but in every other profession or trade.

When it was decided to bring charges against Miss Pignol all there was against her was her refusal to buy bonds. Before her final trial she had subscribed for a Liberty bond. Because of the desire to retain her position? Her inquisitors insinuated this. But her own explanation is cogent. The Lichnowski revelations had placed Germany in a new light; so also had the behavior of the Germans after Brest-Litovsk. Miss Pignol had become convinced that Germany had to be beaten, and was ready to back up the United States government to the extent of her ability. This was embarrassing for the inquisition. Should she be permitted to escape? It was necessary to dig deeper into her private views. Assistant Corporation Counsel McIntyre was entrusted with this enterprise.

"Do you believe in it [the war] now?"

"Yes; I believe it is just. I do not like it, if you want me to say that."

"Now, Miss Pignol, are you willing to do everything that lies within your power to make the United States successful in this conflict with Germany?"

"I think, yes."

"Are you willing to do everything you possibly can do?"

"Yes, I certainly am willing to do everything I can possibly do."

"Would you urge the pupils in the school to prepare themselves to go into the battlefield later in life?"

"Yes, I think I would."

"And fight against Germany?"

"Yes, that is my duty; I have to do it."

"And crush Germany, if necessary?"

"Why should they crush Germany?"

"That is the point at which you stop? That is the crux of this case, is it not?"

"I shall do my duty to the full. I shall do everything that I can possibly do, even if I should suffer very much for it. I do not know why you insist on making me say we should crush Germany."

"Because we are at war with Germany."

To Mr. McIntyre, Corporation Counsel, and to the committee of the Board of Education, it did not matter that the crushing of Germany was no part of the official American war aims. It did not matter that no democracy worthy of the name insists that all persons within its jurisdiction must make articles of personal faith out of official aims of any kind. While in Germany Miss Pignol had got into trouble because she had expressed contempt for the position of an officer who had declared that he never permitted himself to entertain views opposed to those of the Kaiser. Here were those petty American officials driving her out of a profession in which she had served faithfully because she allowed herself to entertain views opposed to their own.

But should not there be a distinction after all, between the liberties of a citizen in a democracy and those of a public official or employee? The citizen's opinions are free. His acts are subject to the law. Has the school teacher the same right to his own opinion? Or should he be subjected to inquisitorial proceedings and dismissed if the opinions he is honest enough to avow differ from those of his official superiors?

That depends on what we wish to make out of our schools. The Roman aristocrat turned his sons over to slaves for formal instruction in mathematics

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or rhetoric or dancing. The sense of caste prevented the aristocratic youths from being infected with the mean and abject spirit of their servile masters. We American democrats have no caste device to keep our children from being influenced by the spirit that governs our schools. If we make that spirit one of intolerance and delation and servility we have not the slightest reason for expecting that our children will issue from the schools free and honest and self-respecting citizens. The Tildsleys and their kind may be willing to see our schools turn out a servile population. Are the plain democrats of the state of New York ready for the status of servility, for teacher and pupil alike? For it is impossible that the one should be free while the other is a slave. That is what turns on the Pignol case, which is soon to be re-heard by the higher educational authorities of the state, and to put the quality of their educational statecraft to the test.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

An Acquaintance

HE is a modern Jew of the United States of America, belonging evidently to a distinct group that others are able to differentiate and to which they can give a name. But in the forty or so years of his life he has, with but indifferent success, been able to determine for himself just what a Jew is and why he happens to be one. And he finds himself not unique, but one of a growing number. He knows that he is not a race, because Fishberg and the modern ethnologists have told him so. They have told him that he need no longer believe that he is an anachronistic Semite persisting as an odd survival in an Aryan civilization. He knows that he is not a religious entity, because he is philosophically and spiritually in the same attitude of mind as are many disfranchised Christians, who are assured that for them at least a compromise between the old ritualism and the modern thinking is not a conservation of spiritual energy. He is not a nationalist, being rather intensely and idealistically an American. He has no special pride of ancestry, such democratic assumptions always appearing a bit amusing to him, in whatsoever guise. Nor does he recognize in his own family life and personal relations nor in those of the group immediately about him unique benefits that differentiate them from the—perhaps—more loosely constructed Gentile nexus.

He has been accused of being an anti-Semite. He is not an anti-Semite, except in the sense that he dislikes bad manners, and that he refuses to be smothered in a certain "Jewishness" such as overwhelms one with too exclusive association within the group. But he doesn't want to be associated too exclusively with any group. For a student and epicure of life, he says, it deadens the perceptions. And he is not more of anti-Semite than are most of the Jews he knows, who also dislike bad manners. (He has confessed to me that some of the most peevishly anti-Semite remarks he has heard have been from the lips of the Jews, who—and rightly enough too—would "knock the block off" anyone outside the group for saying exactly the same thing that they are uttering.)

He likes to be free to move about in the world. He dislikes being hampered by Jewishness in the same sense that he would dislike being hampered by poverty, or by being a woman, or by other evitable or inevitable restrictions, such as Fortune might impose. He knows that although, as an individual, he may not be brilliantly acceptable, he is as much worth-while—in many instances he modestly acknowledges that he is even more so!—as many of the men of his university and his profession who have made clubs that have been barred to him, and social associations that have rendered life more colorful and various. For as a non-Jew he might, with a certain freedom, associate with both Jew and Gentile; as a Jew who intends to remain a Jew he must move about cautiously in an alien world, walking the tight-rope of the conventions, with upon one shoulder pride and upon the other humor—not the easy carriage of a man at home in life, which is almost the sine qua non of a rational social intercourse.

His problem isn't at all a problem of tragedy. It is a problem of a sophisticated satirical comedy, a species of comedy perhaps not comprehensible to the average mind of America. If he were suffering for a "cause" they could understand him. If he were suffering for a cause he could perhaps understand himself and reconcile himself with himself. But he is suffering for something that to him has lost meaning. He is suffering from pinpricks. Perhaps that *is* his tragedy.

He wishes to heaven it were possible for him to ally himself with the ardent young group of modern Jews who are finding in a re-creation of religious zeal a justification for their being. Temperamentally he would be happy to be swept by this wave of fervor. It would dignify and ennoble for him a position that sometimes verges on the grotesque. He has tried, but he can't. Such spiritual forces as he possesses must be poured into something more forward-reaching. He cannot now, as a being of this twentieth century, find his meaning of life in a separatist group and a separatist tendency. And he can't, try as he may, *feel* himself different. It is often with a real start that there is borne in upon him the fact of division. Indeed,

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ludicrous as it may seem, in his earlier life he compelled himself deliberately and with purpose to cultivate a "Jewishness" of thought and of manner in order not too unsuccessfully to amalgamate himself with his group.

Why did he not "break away" then? Because there was no particular reason for so doing. Because, just as he was swept by no fervor of Judaism, neither was he swept by any equally strong current that would wrest him from the moorings of an habitual social intercourse. Because he was bound by a hundred threads and ties of family and early associations, often gossamer-like in tenuity and yet of tentacle power. Because—and essentially this—it would have been a somewhat ignoble thing to do, a distasteful thing aesthetically, involving a deliberate campaign of the snubbing of friends and of would-be acquaintances, of a delicate and adroit social climbing and manipulation such as a man of integrity scarcely finds compatible with good taste and fastidiousness.

Ironically enough, neither he nor his wife believe in intra-marriage. They have both a strong suspicion that this intense in-breeding hasn't been at all good for the Jew, and their observation of the progeny of "mixed marriages" convinces them that generally one Jewish parent is better than two for the breeding of the next generation's superman. Nevertheless they became married to each other because, with perverse humanness, they were more inclined at that time to be egotistic individuals than eugenists, and because, as the poet somewhat aptly remarks, "Love, to get *well* started, really needs propinquity." They married, in short, because they happened to know each other and because they were in love.

Their "problem" has perhaps been settled for them. At forty one does not strive to make radical readjustments. Middle-age is fast reconciling him to the well-meaning query of "Ah, are you related to Mr. Such-and-Such!" whose Hebraic appellation (he distinctly objects to the adjective as fallacious) constitutes the only bond of possible connection. The creeping years may even inure him to the furtive or aggressive familiarity of Jew of whatever degree of culture who happens to encounter him unintroduced at summer resort or on steamship. As I have intimated, his present attitude is not of deep import. But—and here begin his real difficulties, the push of which had moved him thus to unburden himself to me—he has a daughter who has now reached the questing age of sixteen. What is he to say to her? How is he to help her to her adjustments? How shall he explain to sensitive and passionate youth her exclusion from the legitimate and unself-conscious pleasures of the social intercourse of coeducational school and college? If only his moral convictions were such as obtained in the home of his own early training, so that he might prate gravely of the valuable disciplines of negation and self-denial! But his embittered childhood would rise to rebuke him with hypocrisy. Truth to tell, he would, if he could, obtain for this child of his all possible warmth of happiness. Life, if it has taught him one thing, has taught him the fallacy of the developing and fructifying power of pain—at least for those under twenty. Youth needs expansion—youth needs youth—even to acquire a personality that later functions with most social effectiveness.

He can scarcely suggest to her Zionism. He senses that she would not feel at home on the streets of Jerusalem. He knows that all the thousand and one temperamental adaptations that make one blood-kin of the spiritual group are those of America, and not of Palestine, nor of Russia nor of Armenia. He wishes her to go close to the meaning of her country and to help make the meaning of her country in the decade that is ahead of her. He wishes to interpret to her and he wishes her to interpret a democracy that is uniquely and at its fiery heart an American democracy. What, when he again comes to me, am I to say to him?

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Bishop Brent's Remarks at the Grave of Willard Straight

IN the Army when a comrade is taken it is the common custom to speak of him in terms of farewell before his body is laid in its last resting place.

In speaking of Willard D. Straight, I speak of one who lived a long life in a few years. His native gifts and varied experience equipped him to render distinguished service to the cause and country for which he spent his powers without stint. His organizing genius was exactly what the moment needed. We had thought of him as one of those destined and prepared to make a valuable contribution to the reconstruction of life in the new era that is at its dawn. But it had been ordered otherwise; and he has carried into a sphere beyond this world a personality which will operate there in building up the permanent order for which this world is the training school.

It would be a lack of faith to think of him in terms of loss only. We shall surely miss the courtly presence of our comrade. But his disappearance from our midst does not mean that a superior force has conquered him. Death is powerless to defeat so knightly a man as he was. It has

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set him free to operate in wider fields, and the vitality which flowed from his well directed efforts among men will forever course through the veins of his country. Even though it was not the hissing bullet or the angry steel that closed his eyes in death, even though it was not in the turmoil of battle that he died, he has none the less given himself in behalf of the common cause. He has done the greatest thing that God or man can do—he has laid down his life for his friends, than which there is no greater act of love or service.

He strove in all he did to reach excellence, and far more than most men he achieved his aim. Those who knew him intimately felt the force of his leadership. We had thought and planned to work by his side when we doffed the uniform and returned to the homeland. This may not be, nor shall we disguise our sense of loss, but we will not on that account lower our aim or decrease our effort. On the contrary we will by added purpose and activity endeavor to make up what has been lost to us by his going, and like him we will make excellence our watchword. This is our best tribute to our gifted and gallant comrade. With confidence that all is well, we now commit his body to mother earth, and his soul to the high and loving God from Whom he came and to Whom he goes.

(Address given by Bishop Brent at the cemetery at Suresnes [Paris] at the burial of Major Willard D. Straight on December 3, 1918.)

A Chapter in Wheat

IN the final scene of The Octopus, Frank Norris describes the drowning of the speculator, Behrman, in the torrent of wheat pouring from the elevator into the ship. The wheat came down the chute with "an incessant, metallic roar, persistent, steady, inevitable." It "seemed impelled with a force of its own, a resistless, huge force." Behrman slipped and fell into the rising, swelling, breaking cone of wheat in the hold and was flung headlong, battered, blinded by dust, tortured by thirst. He staggered about in the dark, sinking to his knees in the wheat, seeking in vain a way out. "And all the while without stop, incessantly, inexorably, the wheat, as if moving with a force all its own, shot downward in a prolonged roar, persistent, steady, inevitable."

The government of the United States is caught in a less dramatic predicament than was the speculator, Behrman. We are, in a less literal sense, about to be deluged with wheat, with hundreds of millions of bushels, with wheat that we cannot sell and cannot eat. We are paying a high premium and bonus for this superfluous crop. We are subsidizing farmers to plant the wheat that we do not want and cannot sell or eat.

It sounds like opera bouffe. Our legislators, or some of them, are secretly praying for frost, insects, parasite fungi, for the ten plagues, for anything that will reduce the size of the coming crop. But it is not opera bouffe. Our unfortunate and almost farcical situation is the result of a carefully, if not wisely considered policy. We guaranteed the price of wheat. We promised to buy every bushel harvested in the United States in 1918 and 1919 at a price approximating $2.26, no matter what our loss. We made this guaranty assuming dubiously that the war would continue. The war died on our hands.

Having given our word we must keep it; there can be no possible question of failing to live up fully to our agreement. It is essential, however, that we face the real situation honestly, that we do not minimize the difficulties, that we clearly understand our probable and also our maximum liability, and that we bring to the solution of the problem the best statesmanship and administrative ability that the country commands. Finally it is important that we learn from this experience whatever it is capable of teaching.

Here is our liability. Between now and June 1, 1920, the government of the United States must stand ready to buy from ten to eleven hundred millions of bushels of wheat or even more (the crop of 1919), and perhaps one or two hundred million bushels of the crop of 1918 at a loss on every bushels of fifty cents or a dollar or possibly even more. The government must be ready to disburse on such wheat almost three billions of dollars and to take a loss which may be well over a billion. The government must somehow create a machinery for carrying out this gigantic contract with millions of farmers in such a manner that it shall not buy the same wheat twice and shall not permit other wholesale frauds. By some means or other it must find storage facilities, in addition to those already used, for hundreds of millions of bushels. It must regulate or forbid the importation of foreign wheat; it must determine upon what it shall do eighteen months hence with an unsalable surplus, perhaps five hundred million or more bushels. It is an immense, a complicated, a costly and even a perilous undertaking, but it is one which cannot be avoided. Although none of this wheat is yet harvested and a third of it is not yet even sown, we have given our word to buy it. The policy, besides costing the people of the United States a great deal of money, may and probably will in the end injure even the wheat growers, its immediate beneficiaries. It is, moreover, a policy which involves an uneconomic use of our land. But all we can do is to keep our word, pocket our losses, use wisely what discretion is left us and draw our lesson.

The policy of guaranteeing the price of wheat was established by the so-called Food Control act of August 10, 1917, which authorized the President to guarantee a minimum price whenever he finds "that an emergency exists requiring the stimulation of the production of wheat." The act also authorized the President "to purchase, to store, to provide storage facilities for, and to sell at reasonable prices wheat" as well as certain other commodities. The sum of $150,000,000 was appropriated for the purposes of the act.

To secure an agency for the administration of these sections of the Food Control act, the President on August 14, 1917, ordered that a corporation, to be called the Food Administration Grain Corporation, be created with a cap-

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ital stock of $50,000,000 (later increased to $150,000,000), all of this stock to be subscribed by the United States out of the appropriation above mentioned. On February 21, 1918, the President fixed a price of No. 1 Northern Spring wheat or its equivalent at Chicago at $2.20 per bushel, and a relative price for other grades and for wheat received at other terminal points. Subsequently the Grain Corporation increased this price to $2.26, and on September 2, 1918, the President fixed the same price ($2.26) for the crop of 1919.

We are thus faced with a liability for two wheat crops, the crop harvested in 1918, and the crop harvested in 1919. Our obligation to purchase all the wheat harvested in 1919 will last until June 1, 1920.

The crop of 1918 was very large; it was estimated at 917,100,000 bushels. It was the greatest wheat crop, with one exception, ever harvested in the United States. It was a crop 40 per cent larger than that of the year before and 25 per cent larger than the average crop during the ten years preceding.

At the time we were glad enough to be assured of this huge crop, for with the decline in submarine activity the extra couple of millions of bushels meant a vast relief to the hungry populations of Allied countries. The huge crop was probably one of a score of factors leading to the eventual surrender of Germany. Had the war continued, the United States could have afforded to export over 300,000,000 bushels (enough to feed sixty million people) instead of the 140,000,000 bushels exported in the previous year. Up to the present, moreover, the guaranty of the 1918 crop has cost the Grain Corporation nothing. The home consumer has been perfectly willing to pay the guaranteed price and the European governments have been clamoring for all the wheat they could get at this guaranteed price plus an extraordinary charge for transportation. The difficulty has been not one of price but of deliveries. Every bushel offered has been gladly taken.

These favorable conditions, however, may not apply to the entire unsold portion of the 1918 crop. Of the 917,000,000 bushels of this crop only 588,000,000 bushels had, by November 29, 1918, been moved from the farms, leaving a balance of some 329,000,000 bushels in the farmers' hands. Today, January 4th, there are probably some 260,000,000 bushels still unsold. At any moment, however, the willingness of western Europe to take further supplies from us at our price may cease. The food stringency in several of the western countries is being relieved, and the prospect of more and cheaper wheat next year removes the temptation to hoard wheat. Moreover, vast supplies are being released from Australia, Argentine and northern Africa. In Australia, especially, wheat has been accumulating for four years, and, while much of it has been spoiled, there still remains an enormous exportable surplus which can now be moved. The European consumers will of course not pay more for our wheat than for the wheat of other countries. The problem thus resolves itself into whether the European demand will be sufficient to absorb all of our wheat and all other wheat offered at a price equal to $2.26 plus transportation charges, which have run up to $1.50 a bushel. This, again, depends upon what countries are to be fed. Any wheat sent into the liberated regions of Europe—Belgium, France, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Serbia, Poland; or into formerly hostile countries—Germany, Austria, Hungary; or into Russia, not only has the effect of relieving famine and averting disorder, but also, incidentally, maintains the price of wheat and reduces our liability under the guaranty of the crop of 1918. The present plans of Mr. Hoover will thus bring some relief. Even under favorable circumstances, however, we may be left with a hundred or even two hundred millions of bushels upon which we must take a loss, small or great. The moment the farmer cannot find private purchasers for his 1918 wheat at $2.26, he will sell his crop to the Grain Corporation, which is compelled to buy at that price.

The problem of the 1918 crop, however, is a child's game compared to the puzzling problem presented by the wheat crop of 1919. That crop will be by far the greatest in American history. It will consist of winter wheat planted in the fall of 1918 and of spring wheat planted in the spring of 1919. Last fall American farmers sowed no less than 49,261,000 acres to winter wheat, or 16.5 more than was sowed in the bumper year 1918. If the same increase occurs in the planting of spring wheat, there will be a total, quite unprecedented, wheat acreage of 75,261,000 acres.

The chances, moreover, favor an even greater acreage than that indicated. When the winter wheat was planted the war was still on, the prices of cereals other than wheat were high, and the advantage of planting wheat, though great, was not so overwhelming as it will be in the spring of 1919. Whoever plants corn, rye, barley or oats must now take his chance with peace prices, whereas the product of the wheat fields will be sold at a guaranteed war price. No doubt agitation in favor of a reduction in the acreage of spring wheat planting will have some effect, but the more individualistic farmer, at least, will consider his immediate economic interest. The less the need for wheat the greater the incentive to grow. If the world wheat price falls to $1.50, the farmer receives a bonus of about 76c.; if it sinks to $1.20, he receives $1.06; if as a result of stupendous overproduction the world price drops to $1.00, the farmer receives a comfortable gratuity of $1.26 per bushel. The credit of the government of the United States is good and the farmer can sow his wheat without qualms or doubts.

The weather also conspires to increase our perplexities. Just as we had a severe winter last year when we were seeking to get out every possible ton of coal, and a mild, open winter this year when coal is plenty, so the growing weather in the present year of wheat overproduction is magnificent, and the condition of the crops almost perfect (98 per cent). As a consequence it is not impossible—it is not even improbable—that the wheat crop may total 1,100,000,000 bushels, or even more, or almost 500,000,000 bushels above our requirements for home consumption and for seed.

What are we to do with these five hundred million bushels?

We cannot export all this wheat since Europe will not need it. She will have other sources of supply. During the three years ending 1914 all European countries (Allied, neutral and enemy) imported an average of 467,000,000 bushels (in the form of wheat and wheat flour), and during the same period the United States exported (net) an average of only 63,000,000 bushels, or less than one-eighth of the total (net) export of all the wheat-exporting countries of the world. Russia, Argentine and Canada all had a considerably larger wheat export than ours, and the export of British India, Rumania and Australia combined was much more than twice our American export. Many of these nations are now again ready to export wheat. It has been claimed that Australia alone has an exportable surplus of not less than 210,000,000 bushels of

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unspoiled wheat (although this may be slightly exaggerated), and that Argentina has about 60,000,000 bushels. With restored transportation facilities all of this wheat will be available. The wheat harvests in France, Italy and elsewhere are also likely to be better in 1919 than they have been in the past year. It is, therefore, not to be expected that America can export much more than one hundred million bushels of her surplus. As we are likely to carry over one or even two hundred millions of bushels, we may be faced on June 1, 1920, with a surplus of five or even six hundred, and in no probable case less than four hundred million bushels. When we reflect that our total American consumption (including wheat for seed) is not much over 600,000,000 and is at the outside only 640,000,000 bushels, the effect of this surplus upon our future production possibilities may be easily realized.

We do not wish this wheat to spoil, to be eaten up by rats, as in the case of the Australian wheat. Unfortunately, we haven't even the room in which to store this huge surplus. Our total (estimated) elevator capacity for wheat, including public terminals, country elevators and mill elevators, is only 350,000,000 bushels, and almost all of this capacity will be required to handle the 1920 crop. To some extent the storage capacity for other grains may be used for wheat, but for the most part these elevators also are already in demand. The storage problem is crucial and critical. How can the government maintain its guaranty if it has no room in which to store the wheat? Should it pay for wheat it cannot receive? On the other hand, should the farmer be forced to burn wheat which the government has promised to buy from him at $2.26 but for which there is no storage? As the government guaranty lapses on June 1, 1920, and as the price to the farmer cannot possibly increase as a result of his holding, the wheat will be tendered to the government at the earliest possible moment. On the other hand, the millers will not take delivery from the government of more wheat than they actually require for immediate use, since the price of the 1920 wheat will probably be still lower than that of the 1919 wheat, and it will pay them to wait. There is consequently a grave danger of coagulation and strangulation at the elevators. If the government, to relieve this situation, seeks to lessen the volume of the flow of wheat to the elevators by extending the date of permitted delivery beyond June 1, 1920, it will encounter the danger of gross fraud. The unguaranteed 1920 wheat, which soon thereafter will be harvested, will be mixed in with the guaranteed 1919 wheat and will share in the bounty. The storage problem must be solved. If, however, the government hastily builds elevators for the storage of this abnormal crop, the country will be burdened for years with unremunerative buildings for which there is no permanent need. The cantonments and other temporary structures may conceivably be used for storing a part of the wheat. In any case, the problem must be faced before the wheat is delivered, not afterwards.

Assuming that the government disburses its three billion dollars, pockets its loss of one billion, makes suitable arrangements for storage facilities and organizes the whole business so efficiently that the administration of the act does not become, as it threatens otherwise to be, a grave public scandal, a further difficulty looms up in the future. If when the 1920 crop is harvested the American government owns five or six or even only four hundred million bushels of wheat, which it can either throw into the world market or withhold, it will be faced with an unpleasant political dilemma. To keep this wheat will be embarrassing; to sell it will force prices down to an unremunerative level and injure millions of farmers, especially if by that time the Ukraine is exporting wheat. Even the threat or possibility of disposing of this surplus will have its effect upon the price. The national election of 1920 will be at hand. There will be proposals to use this wheat-surplus in a permanent wheat valorization scheme; there will be demands from forthright men that it be sold at auction. Farmers, consumers, taxpayers will all seek to use influence. The distracted legislator will secretly envy the patriotic Americans of the Boston Tea Party, who in their generation had a summary way of disposing of surplus stocks.

As between taxpayer and consumer a clash of interest may arise even earlier. It has already been vaguely suggested that the government can escape a part of its loss of a billion dollars by artificially maintaining a high price in the United States. While the wheat sent abroad would be sold at the world price, the wheat kept at home would be sold at the farmer's price, plus the cost of handling. Such a plan, however, is too grossly inequitable to have any prospect of adoption. It would mean that this loss, incurred as a result of the war, would be borne, not as are most other losses, in proportion to the taxpayer's ability, but in proportion to the amount of bread each family is forced to consume. The cost of maintaining our guaranty of wheat prices is a war burden and should be borne by the taxpayer, not by the bread-eater.

Whether the burden might not have been entirely avoided, whether the whole policy of price guaranty was not a mistake, is a question on which there is perhaps still room for disagreement. The advocate of a government guaranty admits that the venture has turned out badly, almost disastrously. However, had the war lasted two or three years longer, we should have profited from this guaranteed price, and we should have had the wheat, which was above all price. A man who insures his house should not complain because it does not burn.

It is still too soon to judge finally. Yet, in the light of all the evidence, it would seem that a policy of non-guaranty might have been wiser. It might have meant higher prices during the war, but it would have meant a far quicker recovery after the war. When the minimum price was set for the 1918 crop, wheat prices were already declining, and it would have been quite possible for the government to have regulated these prices indirectly by controlling export. The government might also have improved distribution by commandeering wheat at the market price and selling it at a much lower price to millers and consumers. But the agitation in favor of a guaranty was too strong to be overborne, and the movement was reinforced by sentiment in Allied nations, which desired a plentiful supply of bread at a reasonable price and were less concerned with any post-war difficulties in which such a policy might involve the United States.

Today this discussion is academic. Our course is clear. We must keep our pledge and take up our burden and must later distribute this burden among those capable of bearing it. Above all, we must see the problem in its full gravity and prepare immediately for the wisest policy that can be evolved and the best administrative machinery that can be secured. The problem is already being attacked by the House Agricultural Committee, with the assistance of the Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture. Is it too much to hope that the issue will not be made a pawn in the chess game of partisan politics but that Republicans and Democrats, instead of seeking "to place responsibility," will unite to evolve a workable plan?

WALTER WEYL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The New Humanity and the Near East

SIR: There is urgent opportunity for a practical display of international brotherhood in saving the lives of a few perishing little nations in the Near East and re-establishing them in the homes from which they have been helplessly driven. This work will take money, time, intelligence and self-sacrifice. The American Committee for Relief in the Near East (formerly Armenian-Syrian Relief) has the task in hand, and, being privately financed for running expenses, it is able to devote every dollar of public money, and the interest on every dollar, to the work of relief and reconstruction.

England has done much, and is still raising funds for the purpose, but it is to America, least injured of all combatant countries and most neutrals by the war, that these destitute millions—Armenians, Greeks and Persians—principally turn.

A large expedition is shortly to leave for Turkey to relieve those workers already on the field and to extend their work in Armenia. This expedition will consist of trained nurses, doctors, agriculturists, mechanics, sanitary engineers, teachers and other experts. They will take with them not only food and clothing for immediate relief, and large stores of medical supplies to fight the terrible ravages of disease and epidemic following on starvation, exposure and unnatural food, but also motor-lorries, ploughs, tools and other implements for the reestablishing of normal life in the districts devastated by massacre and deportation. This expedition, and the one that has already reached Persia and is making large plans for work there, need the support of the American public in their effort of humanity and reform.

The last state of the whole Near East will be better than the first if these bands of relief workers are able to pursue their reconstructive ideals to full realization.

It is not often given to men actually to save life. It is given to all of us today. Five dollars will save a life in the Near East. Sixty dollars will keep a destitute child for a year. Thirty million dollars will save every life, and help the rescued to recommence normal living.

While our brains and hearts are full of high thoughts and high resolve, dare we refuse this simple duty?

CHARLES V. VICKREY.

Secretary American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The Outlook for Protection

SIR: The article in your issue of December 7th on the *outlook for Protection* is interesting and timely. There are some considerations, not mentioned by you, bearing on the probable success of the inevitable struggle for a high protective tariff in the near future which seem to me important. I do not see how any political party would dare go before the country on a programme calling for high duties on imported food products. The present high cost of living, not limited strictly by the war period, and especially the enormous amount of discussion this condition has occasioned, would doom such a programme to almost inevitable defeat.

On the other hand, the Republican party has always depended largely for its support upon the farmer, and the Republican party, of course, is the party of protection. The fact that the farmers, especially of the great Central West, have stood by the Republican party through thick and thin (possibly excepting the last Cleveland campaign) has enabled that party to retain its power during nearly the entire period since Lincoln's first election. Now how will these farmers view a party programme which proposes a high protective tariff on about everything which they buy and free trade on everything which they sell? I am aware, of course, that *practically* this is what they have for years been voting for through their support of the Republican party; that for years they have paid high protective duties on most of their purchases, while they have sold their beef, their pork and their wheat at a price fixed in the open market of the world. But this condition was to some extent camouflaged through nominal duties on the farmers' product duly expounded by skillful politicians. There were also other, and in some cases vital, political considerations strongly assisting to maintain the solidarity of the Republican party. These considerations are now ancient history. The party of protectionism is confronted with the clear issue—to propose to the farmer that now, when almost for the first time a protective tariff on his product is something more than a name, when it would mean a substantial increase in the price for which he could sell, he abandon his claim to such protection and at the same time submit to the imposition of high duties on the things which he buys; or else it must propose to the great consuming public that it submit to a higher cost of living by reason of the imposition of high duties on food products. I am waiting with much curiosity to see how the Republican leaders will meet this problem. No one can doubt their political shrewdness, but can they dodge this issue? Possibly until they have won one national election. Not longer.

ERNEST HITCHCOCK.

Pittsford, Vermont.

A Medical Memorial

SIR: The bequest of the late Joseph R. De Lamar of probably $10,000,000 to three universities for medical research suggests the idea of a very fitting memorial to the American soldiers who died not of wounds but of disease in this country and Europe. Everyone realizes that they gave their lives to save the world, but not all realize how many of these lives might have been saved by a more advanced medical and sanitary science than we yet have come to possess.

A government university for medical research and preventive medicine, endowed with $100,000,000, would be the most suitable tribute possible to this group of the nation's dead. Rich men who have lost sons have commemorated them by endowing universities; why should not the nation do the same in honor of its noble youths on a much more splendid and effective scale? The nation has been niggardly toward science in the past and the people have suffered heavily. The war has shown how richly science rewards all expenditure for its development.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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After the Play

THE plot of The Betrothal cuts both ways like a pair of scissors, neatly severing the bit of cotton string that serves it for a supporting thesis. The gigantic iron figure of Destiny that rises through the floor in the first act declaring itself immutably, invincibly, indissolubly bent on directing the action of the play and everything else, including Tyltyl's choice of a bride, dwindles in stature from scene to scene, dragging further and further behind events, to end in final ignominy as a babe in arms, still chanting his inevitable, invulnerable, indissoluble Gloria. In opposition to the moving blade of this solitary satiric mask the story of Tyltyl's adventures, affirming the doctrine of heredity, cuts sharply back—and the meaning of the whole elaborate enunciation, or the layman's reason, he knows not which, is snipped solemnly somewhere in between. A mere landlubber in philosophy might affirm there is about as much difference between a schooner and a sloop as between destiny and heredity. It doesn't matter which you take; if the hull is sound you can go as far toward determinism in one as in the other. It is borne in upon the dispassionate observer that this man Maeterlinck must be more stupid than he has been supposed, or that he sails far, strange waters, where the ordinary measurements of time and space are discounted, and the knowing winds blow you according to the cut of your sails or the modernity of your vocabulary. . . . Though this new god has a self-filling fountain pen, and brushes his teeth with the latest advertised nature's own preservative, though his nails are professionally manicured, and he has had a shave, and wears in place of the olden peplum a suit of Scotch tweeds—who would not recognize these lineaments, at once suave and stern? Call him Heredity if you like, call Circumstance or Destiny; he went by plain Fate in Athens circa 600 B. C.

An experienced playwright, like an experienced cook, can make an appetizing and enjoyable concoction out of almost anything that comes to hand. There are so many tricks of the trade that save time and energy that the whole process resolves itself for the tired dramatist into a combination of flavors. It isn't always that he doesn't appreciate the value of flour. He may have come inopportunely to the bottom of his bin while there was still an excellent assortment of extracts on the pantry shelves. Then it is whip high the scrapings with fluffy pageantry and scenes that call for fairy ball-rooms and the milky-way, pour in several bottles of vanilla—there is no use saving it now; and the cake must taste of something. To our sorrow we know that there is sometimes a hogshead of excellent white sugar left over in the corner, providing a depth of sticky frosting sufficient to drown the ordinary audience, already sleepy with the pungent poison of saccharine. In The Blue Bird a spider-web plot tangles and holds in some fashion desperately together huge frail glowing fragments of an imaginary universe; in The Betrothal the light integuments have parted, and dangle helplessly from wind-drifted scenes. The settings are beautiful. There is a fairy-like atmosphere that dazzles and intoxicates. But the dialogue seems a flimsy excuse for all this costly magnificence.

There is but one scene with a breath of dramatic possibility. When at the culmination of the action Tyltyl, accompanied by the seven maidens who love him, in his dream approaches the hall of his ancestors to ask their decision as to whom he should marry, we find ourselves face to face with as many of them as can crowd on the stage. The felon in gyves, the palmer, the overdressed bourgeois, the landlord, the murderer, the drunkard, the squire, a background throng of motley garments and fashions, and at last the great savage, father of the race, appear to sit in judgment on the trembling virgins. The lonely descendent of the assembly is shocked and humiliated at the concrete presentiment of the race from which he sprang. So doubtless should we all be. There could be no more salutary lesson in the appraisal of humanity than such a congregation for each of us. The Westerner who boasted of seven generations of bastards in his strain was modest to a degree. The savage father of the race is obvious as a symbol, impossible as a reality. Prying back through the centuries we find our ancestry multiplying by geometrical progression into appalling billions before we pass five hundred years. It is more or less true that the bulk of the human race is interrelated, and one set of forefathers and almost any savage original would do for all of us. It is on this rock that the unstable pseudo-science of the theme goes definitely to pieces. We are told there is only one satisfactory mate for a man or woman. Suppose you never meet this individual? In such case do we not share so many attributes and desires, so many hopes and despairs, that the doctrine of hereditary affinities, applied logically, loses its definiteness, and emerges as the very general attraction of man for woman, woman for man? No amount of brilliance in scenery or treatment could save so mouldy a theoretical carcass as this from early interment. Maeterlinck may not take it seriously, but he maintains a very sedate manner throughout the discussion.

With the premise of so sustained an allegory it might have been prophesied that the action would collide occasionally with the unintentionally grotesque and burlesque. The Veiled Figure, which might have been pathetic under its disguise of half-remembrance in the dim background, makes itself painfully ludicrous in the light of day. Maeterlinck suspected that it would, and tried to carry the matter off by a puzzled, humorously insouciant attitude on the part of Tyltyl, but with a very doubtful success. The blemish is more regrettable because the acting of Sylvia Field as Joy, emerged from her weedy pall and trembling under the wakening of love for Tyltyl, is charming and convincing. And, for that matter, there is plenty of good acting throughout. Reginald Sheffield, at once naively boyish and manly, is a pleasant Tyltyl. The miser is quite hideously overdone, but we must blame that on the author. The fairy, however, is heavy in her own right.

The play is a confection decidedly too sweet for adults, and with a center of hot brandy and maraschino that takes it out of the class of fairy tales for children. Alice in Wonderland has no more innocuous moral than that of The Blue Bird, that happiness remains at home. But The Betrothal is obscurely and inadequately Freudian. As sex education it is decidedly more unhealthy than an open exposition of the whole subject. It is allopathic medicine in a homeopathic bottle. It is sentimentalized strong drink.

The singing huckster who passes daily under the windows of our suburb seems to my fallible sense to be calling "Archimedes! Archimedes!" Yet an innate business acumen drives me to the conclusion that it must be some other syllables, more alluringly contemporaneous. Perhaps he is calling "Ripe Tomatoes." A fixation on the name of the over-enthusiastic ancient renders me dumb to the essential message. In a similar fashion The Betrothal may mean one thing to Maeterlinck and the majority of his audience, another to me. A fault of misinterpretation may be ascribed to my ears, or his enunciation, or the leaping echoes that build overtones upon his theme.

M. A.

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What to Read

A NEW YORK society, the Lyric Society, is willing to pay $500 for a good book of poetry. It is willing, indeed, to pay $1,500 for the three best books of poetry submitted to it before April 1st, 1919. It is amiably misleading that this offer should be made "through the generosity of an American who has asked us to withhold his name." When popular magazines pay as much as $300 for a single lyric, it is not so appallingly generous to pay $500 each for the three best books of poetry submitted in competition. It would be entirely different if the money were to be presented as a prize. It isn't. It is purchase-money, and a good book of poetry is not dear at $500. The Lyric Society goes further in offering itself to—well, objurgation, by declaring that "it has undertaken the job of organizing the readers of poetry—how much are you willing to help us?" This is bagman language. Besides, Miss Harriet Monroe's fire, Miss Amy Lowell's thunder, cannot so easily be stolen. But ungraceful as the Lyric Society manages to make its appeal, the young poets may well be excited and encouraged at the mention of any actual prospect of cash.

It is the intelligent young, naturally, who'll write the successful lyrics. For brains count. It is at least a plausible theory that good lyrics are the product of an early mental maturity coinciding with spontaneous emotions that centre about the twenties. The letters of Keats and Shelley are distinguished by thronging ideas, well expressed, though badly coordinated. And many a promising lyricist seems to miss the first rank only because he misses content, an essential to lasting poetry. If Edna St. Vincent Millay had come upon the idea of Renascence in her twenty-second instead of her eighteenth year she might have written it better. She has improved in felicity and magic. But it remains her most valuable contribution because it is her most original and thoughtful conception. It was for much the same reason that Rossetti never surpassed, never equalled for sheer charm, The Blessed Damozel. And of Irene McLeod it is as true that we find in her second and third volumes more conventional moods and less structure of thought than made up the Songs to Save a Soul with which she first caught and held us. Logic in a lyric would be a definite flaw, but unintellectual emotion—amounting to pure temperament—is no more enticing than a full glass of corn syrup. Miss McLeod is not, like Ella W. Wilcox, a sorghum mill. There is a definite possibility that she might improve by writing less, however, and by taking a more critical attitude toward her own work. Much of it gives the impression of being impromptu. In evading formality and weight she discards the very stuff of durability. Yet this may be asking of her more than she can give. It may be that she is realizing her full gift —a little inadequate for the carnivorous reader but dainty and uniquely flavored.

James Joyce has more stuff in him yet it is easier to imagine the stripling hero of the Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man writing the little volume of Chamber Music than the mature Joyce himself. Chamber Music is very like the verse ascribed to Stephen in the novel, faint Swinburne and Tennyson, delicately shadowed with cynicism from Villon. By grace of this cynicism and native Irish hard-headedness these love poems escape the sentimentality so depressing in many an English and German sequence. No rending passion, no fury of possession nor withering despair; but a tentative hovering of wings in a gray dream, at once poised and evanescent. The book makes one wonder what verse Joyce would write today.

Large, even grandiose, plans for the establishment of an international institute of anthropology are now being put forward by l'Ecole d'Anthropologie de Paris. The most striking feature of this project is its authors' bitter determination to restrict it to anthropologists of the Allied nations. Science, "la recherche de la vérité," is, in other words, to be open only to those who have been on the right side in the war. "Cette oeuvre si nécessaire ne peut s'accomplir que grâce à une collaboration étroite et constante entre les hommes sincères appartenant aux Nations qui viennent de montrer d'une façon si saisissante leur grandeur morale et leur puissance civilisatrice." In addition to planning for the future, the director, Yves Guyot, and his associates, damn all German anthropology anyway. What most infuriates them is "l'esprit de fourberie et de domesticité de la science allemande, sa fausse érudition, son mercantilisme éhonté, son habileté à déformer les théories, et même les observations anthropologiques, pour appuyer les visées de l'impérialisme allemand." But how, if provincialism is so evil, can the pursuit of truth be conducted on purely Allied lines? Is that not also provincial? And how can anthropology devote itself to examining "transformations des antagonismes nationaux" if it is engaged in strengthening those antagonisms? In just such symptoms of irrationality one may judge, perhaps, the long and hideous torment that Germany has inflicted on the French mind. But who can endure the spectacle of Allied science disfiguring itself simply to spite the Germany that was crushed?

Woodrow Wilson's book, The State, is to be republished. It has been revised by President Wilson's brother-in-law, Professor Edward Elliott, formerly dean of Princeton, and now professor of international law and politics at the University of California. The extraordinary interest of this announcement is not that new chapters have been added on the governments of Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Russia, Turkey and Japan. The amazing fact is that the original theory of the state has not been revised. This is rather like hearing that Mr. Wilson is to appear in Washington next summer wearing the pot-hat of twenty years ago. His book on The State is not so indifferent as his history of the United States, but it is the kind of mediocre intellectual performance that his real friends do not exalt. Its contribution to political science may be said to be on a par with Henry Arthur Jones's contributions to English drama. The fact that Mr. Wilson was given an honorary degree at the Sorbonne is brought forward as a happy celebration of this revised edition. What does an honorary degree at the Sorbonne amount to? Who is impressed by it? The next constitution of the United States should certainly extend its disapproval to these academic equivalents of the iron cross. They are less ostentatious than knighthood but even more meretricious. The donation of degrees may have begun on a level with honest coinage. It has since become the issuance of stage money which deceives no one except unlettered millionaires. A modern theory of the state can derive vastly more sustenance from George Russell's current editorials in the Irish Homestead than from Woodrow Wilson's orthodox thesis. George Russell's editorials in his obscure agricultural weekly are probably the best editorials being written in English today. SALANN.

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The Nature of the Beast

Our Humble Helpers, by Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

"IT is characteristic of human nature," observes George Santayana, "to be as impatient of ignorance regarding what is not known as lazy in acquiring such knowledge as is at hand." This astringent remark applies generally, but it is not the plain man on whom Mr. Santayana's eye is fixed. The plain man is not conspicuously "lazy in acquiring such knowledge as is at hand." That is the trait of the smart, the subtle, the sophisticated.

Knowledge at hand is not formally required of the sophisticated man, even by himself. What he is after is distinguished knowledge, knowledge that franks him in his own polite world rather than the rough-and-tumble outside. The finer he becomes sophisticated, indeed, the more he tends to ignore the elementary and to presume that his pervasion of his own sphere is a proof that he pervades the universe. That, in turn, is usually assumed by his associates. It is part of a sort of intellectual credit system, building up a wonderful pyramid of credit. Knowledge at hand may frequently be indispensable to a correct judgment. It is all the more taken for granted in the sophisticated man—his invisible yet unchallengeable intellectual underwear. Because it is so simple, so necessary, so attainable, it is regarded as beyond question. And the only people who really know the sophisticated man's backing are the people who stick it out with him to an end.

But this laziness about ascertained knowledge has much more serious consequences than fraud. It always lays the sophisticated person open to a bad attack of elementary fact late in life—a kind of intellectual mumps or measles that may end fatally. No one who has seen an eminent professor devastated by the elementary fact of war can have anything but pity and solicitude for the virgin nature of smart, subtle, sophisticated people. How easily they are ravaged by the most orn'ry bug in existence. Take the spiritual ladies whom H. G. Wells satirizes so hard in Joan and Peter. These ladies, not unlike the earliest Bryn Mawr graduates, suddenly discovered the elementary facts of sex and their souls became warrens where emotions chased emotions and theories chased theories interminably. Similar ladies discovering nature, the beauties of nature, went clumping after those beauties in appropriate hat and sweater and shoes, all high seriousness and grim resolve. Not dissimilar is the subtle and sophisticated group in the United States that takes the suffrage agitation so fiercely, turned upside down by an abrupt introduction to an elementary fact of politics. This sounds patronizing, in view of their self-sacrifice. But their self-sacrifice is nothing to the self-sacrifice of the troops of the Mahdi. And they do not illustrate the extravagance of a wild faith, as the Mahdi's followers did. They illustrate the extravagance of a wild judgment, consequent on the interpolation of a stark political notion into lives politically virgin.

To turn from such dizzy mortals to a man who has really acquired such knowledge as is at hand—it is almost a vindication of common sense. When so much life is necessarily strong speculation on an empty mind, it is powerfully satisfactory to find a speculative mind fortified by indisputable knowledge. That knowledge may have no direct utility. It may do no more for one than convey a comforting idea that the facts of life make up a procession of due circumstance, an army of unalterable law. Such, possibly, is the final altitude on which the mathematician perches, sitting atop his glittering Himalaya of assured processes and looking down the rungless ladder to a prostrate, reverential world. How narrow must the inference from such order be? Always narrow, yet it is a pleasant and sound escape from battering against the unopened door to knock at the door that has a wise caretaker. If any door opens, there is solace as well as profit in the knowledge acquired.

Henri Fabre provides both solace and profit, and seldom more than in the familiar talks here translated, where he has the audacity to devote himself to the dog, the cat, the hen, the goose, with the horse and the cow and the donkey and the pig and the turkey and the guinea-fowl and the rest of the domesticated to fill out his annals. He gracefully suggests that he is addressing his words to children, that for their sake he is obliged to assume nothing whatever, to begin at the beginning. But where is the beginning for city dwellers? Many of them can slip in with Emile and Jules and Louis, and listen meekly to "Uncle Paul." Curious youths, Emile and Jules and Louis—they create the suspicion that Uncle Paul is a ventriloquist. But the "interposed Jules" or "declared Emile" or "inquired Louis" is an innocent foible.

The mere familiarity of anything, whether it be the declaration of independence or the exercise of capital punishment or the disenfranchisement of Negroes, has a way of lulling the mind. The surface of one's mind becomes so accustomed to the stimulus that nothing responds beyond the surface, there is no excitation of thought. When a fact is new, like a crippled soldier, the mind can go on to the notion of training crippled soldiers. When a fact is old, like a crippled switchman, the mind stops short at the familiar soporific of the damage suit. And yet beyond the plainest, most hackneyed, most inert fact, as Fabre took such huge pains all his life to reveal, there is always a consequence, a succession of consequences, a drama of energy and a stone-eyed glutton of inertia who devours energy, whom energy cannot appease. This drama of multiform energy Fabre equipped himself to interpret. Where the ordinary man relaxes his attention, accepts a grace-note as a sufficient conclusion, Fabre indefatigably persists to the last essential fact. When he finishes there may be no word as to one detail or another—he is brief—but the true nature of each beast is made manifest, with every step in its history articulated and every item in its constitution proportioned. If it seems to Fabre that a supercilious attitude toward the goose or the donkey keeps the facts about the goose or the donkey from being appreciated, he allows his own sympathetic attitude to dominate the sketch. But usually he is implicit in his sympathy. The knowledge he is organizing is knowledge that only a man of great imagination could have acquired. But he is satisfied if by the use of his imagination he can support and give form to all the facts which he indomitably records. It is the facts which determine the degree to which he shall exercise his imagination. In being a scientist he avoids the sentimentalist, he does not become anthropomorphous.

What one most enjoys in Fabre is the muscled intelligence of the man. Like Benjamin Franklin, like similar "practical" geniuses, he commands respect and communicates pleasure because one's instincts are gratified by the firmness, the directness, the clean simplicity and plain integrity of his mind. For a person who already knows the make-up of egg-shell and the behavior of a mother turkey and the circumstances of migratory flight in birds and the habits of the ancient Gael and the uses of the gizzard and the manufacture of cheese—not enough curiosity will be

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left to salt the discourse of Uncle Paul and his three blind mice. But for the smart, subtle person who has never acquired common knowledge, the book is more than a fascinating narrative. It is a large, benign reminder of the things that are really known. The fact that they are common things is all the more in their favor. To fail to know these common things is to live in the ante-room of the world.

F. H.

The Georgians at Home

Georgian Poetry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00

OWING probably to a mutual exclusiveness, the work of those malcontents who are agitating against the traditional in English poetry has not been included in these "choicest cullings of the contemporary muse." Collected, according to the publisher's foreword, "for the general reader who has not the inclination to stray far afield," they seem to have been chosen as a tactful hostess picks her dinner guests—with an eye on their gregarious qualities and the smoothness with which they may ultimately pattern together. Here—save for a gesture or two in khaki—is a genteel if not a very shining company, where there are no stripped emotions or little naked images to play hide-and-seek with a well ordered mind. And here, among all the old but neatly pressed and laundered book dolls, the general reader will find himself pleasantly at home.

To others the book will leave little but an odor of musty sweetness as of cut and wilted flowers. Only here and there a poem seems to spring from a yet living root.

W. J. Turner's Romance is a little too facile, but it interprets well that vibrant responsiveness of early youth, when some memoried and chiming word uttered in the dry atmosphere of a class room leaves the emotions quivering. Most of us can remember having walked home with our feet on the paved street and our spirit in some far off shining place:

> "I walked home with a gold dark boy
> And never a word I'd say,
> Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
> Had taken my speech away."

This modern Greek, modelling in old forms, may fashion some new and arresting shapes out of his tested clay. One can feel the smooth coolness of his graven boys:

> ". . . . who sought for shells along the shore,
> Their white feet shedding pallor in the sea,
> The shallow sea, the spring-time sea of green
> That faintly creamed against the cold smooth pebbles."

James Stephens is poorly represented by an echoful jingle. But in the next poem his quaint magic rustles again like a little wind that had died down:

> "The night was creeping on the ground;
> She crept and did not make a sound
> Until she reached the tree, and then
> She covered it and stole again
> Along the grass beside the wall."

Harold Monroe's verse reflects a soul so genial to solitude that it is preoccupied with her most infinitesimal gestures. One feels the tentacles of his mind grappling with common things and drawing them close as to short-sighted eyes until:

> "Words become princes that were slaves before."

His outlook or rather his about look is distinctly individual. Trees however have been "drowsy sentinels" for so long it is really time they were let off duty.

There is an organ-like swell and volume in the best of Masefield's poems, even if his ebb-tide, like the sea's, leaves only empty shells. Most of the selections given are well known. The best is the much quoted:

> "What am I life? A thing of watery salt
> Held in cohesion by unresting cells."

Ralph Hodson's Gipsy Girl flares poppy-like out of the faded stuff about it. And though Walter de la Mare is not represented at his best, his Ghost and The Fool Rings His Bells are still poetry.

Except for a few of the war poems the remaining verse is not worth reviewing. Most of it leaves me as vaguely uninterested as nondescript pastures and frowsy sheep drifting by a train window.

J. C. Squire's Lily of Malud has good lines and a sense of mystery that recalls Poe. But one would think that his eighty-line "poem" To a Bulldog would be beneath even the attention of the cullers of "the choicest."

> "But your tail will tap at the memory
> Of a man whose friend you were
> Who was always kind though he called you a naughty dog
> When he found you on his chair."

The work of Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Nichols foreshadows that new and intimate rapport with death and war that must come from this curious impact of poets and artists with the trenches. Hitherto death has been approached with a certain respect, as something to be looked on only when groomed and decently composed, ready, in fact for the Reception. But here is a tendency to record minutely its fore-twistings and little wry mouths—to poke and uncover with a grim dismissal of the immemorial Washers. It is as though the poets sat about a class of death, with no bronzed-over body trundled in wrappings but the rank and disintegrating flesh—and no formalin handy.

As an artist Sassoon is by far the most significant of the group. There is a "trickling peace" in his Death-Bed, but They has almost a suggestion of menace, like a red flag glimpsed unexpectedly in a loyal crowd. Though The Kiss has been much quoted I shall give it entire:

> "To these I turn, in these I trust;
> Brother Lead and Sister Steel.
> To his blind power I make appeal;
> I guard her beauty clean from rust.
>
> "He spins and burns and loves the air,
> And splits a skull to win my praise;
> But up the nobly marching days
> She glitters naked, cold and fair.
>
> "Sweet Sister grant your soldier this:
> That in good fury he may feel
> The body where he sets his heel
> Quail from your downright darting kiss."

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The changing savor of war is particularly noticeable in Nichols's The Assault. Here is no heroic glamor as of a Charge of the Light Brigade seen across a continent in a splurge of glory and flying hoofs. The ugly looped staccato lines spatter the pages like bits of broken bodies:

"Ha! ha! bunched figures waiting.
Revolver leveled quick!
Flick! flick!
Red as blood.
Germans! Germans!
Good! O good!
Cool madness."

That Good! O good! burbles bright red and slightly thickened. And this is only a small voice chanting stridently to the urge of spurred emotions. One shudders to think how a master could name it.

After all this spat blood one reacts sympathetically to the wistful beauty of Walter de la Mare

"Nay but a dream I had
Of a world all mad.
Not simply happy mad like me
Who am mad like an empty scene
Of water and willow tree."

LOLA RIDGE.

The Higher Learning in America

The Higher Learning in America, by Thorstein Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

MR. VEBLEN writes with not a little of the lofty, if licensed, petulance of genius; but there can be no doubt in the mind of any person at all thoroughly acquainted with the facts of the general truth of his indictment of the American university. It has not, he insists, in any way performed the functions of a university. It is dominated by business men in its management. It ministers to narrowly utilitarian ends. Its president has the qualifications rather for business than for intellectual enterprise. Its students have no disinterested zeal for knowledge. The university apes the great business organization. It lays emphasis upon its quantitative output—the number of its students, the writing in bulk of its professors. It has little sense of intellectual freedom; for the necessity of promotion and the lack of security of tenure make the standards it sets rather conformity to the dominant code than free research into new possibilities. Mr. Veblen's ideal would be an institution in which undergraduate and professional instruction was abandoned and administrative labor practically non-existent. It is only by the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake in such a fashion that the function of a university can be adequately achieved.

Mr. Veblen's criticisms are always pointed and often profound. In every American university, from the best to the worst, the hand of the trustees lies heavy upon the academic body. Unquestionably, it is possible to be a radical without hindrance in Indic philology; but it may be doubted whether there is a single institution in America where a distinguished socialist like, for example, M. Duguit of Bordeaux University, could be regarded as its main ornament. In every subject that nearly touches the business world heterodoxy is at a discount; and this makes itself felt in every aspect from the choice of a President to the social life of the professor. Nor does the control work well in the matter of appointments. It is always safe to assume that the man of good birth and glib tongue with a couple of text-books to his credit will be received with unction, where the real scholar who spends five years in testing a doubtful hypothesis is regarded as an unamiable incumbrance. Unless, indeed, he is of such assured eminence that he can be usefully made into a dean.

Nor is the professorial relation to the student-body at all satisfactory. The lectures become stereotyped and perennial. The contact with the student ends at the door of the lecture-room. It is rare ever to find a professor who has his students to his house; if he does, he is usually an Englishman, trying, in half-hearted fashion, to retain the traditions of Oxford and Cambridge. He does little more than lecture; for the real business of asking questions and reading essays is done by an underpaid assistant whose main objective lies, for the moment, outside the field that indigence compels him to plough. Mr. Veblen sees this with that finely ironic austerity we have been accustomed to expect in his perception.

The way, moreover, in which the instruction is organized makes, by its very nature, for tragedy. Every department endeavors to cover the whole of its subject; with the result that if a teacher is genuinely interested in economic history, the thorny problem of priority will probably relegate him to the field of local taxation. There is little comity between departments. If one preempts the philosophy of the State, the president, with a narrow eye upon the budget, will refuse its repetition in another academic sphere. It is assumed that the student's mind is trained, not by the business of thinking, whether the material be classics or philosophy

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or engineering, but by the absorption of information. Everything has to be tested by examination; and the art of marking has reduced itself to a search for the proper points that must appear in answers. There are even courses in which a deviation from the opinion of the text-book used is not permitted; and the student is given the choice between conformity and a low grade.

Nor is the technique of administration more adequate. Its control is in the hands of the older men and they do not welcome innovations. Every university teacher has had experience of his department or faculty meeting where everything has been arranged beforehand by the clique in control. If he is old, he may have his say and be voted down; if he is young, he had best be silent altogether, for it is remembered against him otherwise when the time comes for his promotion. The truth is that in the government of American universities there is nowhere effective discussion of administration. Few men ever know the President; he has his score or so of intimates and to the rest he is a nod on state occasions. They hesitate to speak to him, lest it be thought presumption by his friends and the grinding of his axe by enemies. The younger men, in any case, have practically no say on these issues. In most American universities the main crime is that of youth; and a magnificently repressive system of promotion duly stifles its budding nonconformities.

The result is woven into the stuff of the students' lives. They are informed instead of instructed. They get their degree, as Mr. Veblen rightly insists, simply by the mechanical addition of courses. With these they are so overloaded that they have little time for experiment. They do not read outside their work. They take the course where the single text-book covers the ground. Their student life is honeycombed by the false standards that come from seeking election to class-office, or from the social clubs that perform no function except the breeding of snobbishness on the one hand and servility on the other. They do not know, and they therefore resent, their teachers. Yet if there is one hopeful factor in the situation, it is the student. No one who has taught in an American university can deny his eagerness. It is astounding how easily he can be roused, how quickly he responds to a display of interest, how much he at bottom yearns to know. The professor does not deem it his business to make the exploration; and his younger colleagues have, as a rule, to take so many courses (to fill out their income) that their life is mainly spent in staving off the fatigue that fights against the completion of their book.

Mr. Veblen seems to regard this system as so vicious that only complete abandonment is possible; as a fact it is in need of change less in its outlines than their arrangement. Control by the trustees must go. It is morally inadequate and intellectually depressing. The whole hierarchy of professorial rank must go. A young man must not be kept waiting twenty years before he has his chance to leave his impress on the university. The whole system of instructors and assistants must be abolished. It is simply the basis of dishonest work. It gives the professor an illegitimate excuse for scamping his teaching; and it gives his assistant a legitimate excuse for distrust of every element in university life. Above all, the professor's contact with the student must not end with the lecture-room, but with his own home. He must know the undergraduate as a human being, and not merely as a unit in a class. And when course-examinations are abolished and attendance at lectures no longer made compulsory, we could have an undergraduate instruction in which even Mr. Veblen might share.

Mr. Veblen does not limit his criticisms to the university as an undergraduate teacher; he is also supremely contemptuous of the professional and graduate schools. Where he directs his fire against the teaching of journalism and commerce, there is little doubt that he is right; where he protests against the normal graduate and law school, there is equally little doubt that he is wrong. That a professional law school can emphasize the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake to the exclusion of the technique of practice, the Harvard Law School has shown for nearly half a century; and it is worth while to note that Mr. Pound, its present dean, has attained his pre-eminence in the world of legal scholarship by his unique combination of theoretic knowledge with practical insight. The graduate school suffers rather from the undue narrowness of its instruction than from a wrong foundation; and even a sad spectator of its anomalies cannot but be impressed by the amazing enthusiasm it breeds. If its students forced their teachers to regard them as other than the providers of footnotes for their own treatises, there would be little of which to complain.

Indeed, the general criticism of Mr. Veblen's book turns upon this issue. It is easily the profoundest analysis that has been made of the weaknesses of the American university system; what it does not understand is the unique possibility of strength that it has retained. For the university, with all its defects, is eager to absorb the spirit of American life, to use the American commonwealth as its laboratory. It does not decry utilitarian pursuits; for the simple and satisfactory reason that its main business is the service of man. Mr. Veblen's own hypothesis is open to the danger which follows every worshipper of research for its own sake; he takes his laboratory and calls it life. But three hundred years ago Francis Bacon had pointed out that "this dedicating of colleges and societies only to the use of professory learning hath not only been an enemy to the growth of sciences, but hath redounded also to the prejudices of states and governments." It is upon the basis of his warning that we must build our educational future.

H. J. L.

The Trade of Tomorrow

The Trade of Tomorrow, by Ernest J. P. Benn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

THIS book well illustrates the process by which new ideas are extended. Its author is looking about for ways out of the industrial suspicion and low productivity of the past. He seeks to reconcile the workers to trade expansion. He has grasped the outlines of a new method which appears to have value in this direction of securing large output, industrial devolution and mutual good-will. His suggestions look toward a control of industry not only by private capitalists, but by workers and the state.

They are good suggestions looked at from the educational point of view—the point of view of a widespread development of a capacity for making use of strong, sound, representative organizations. But they are, if he only knew it, too good for Mr. Benn's point of view. For he has little inkling of the power and temper of the influences he would set in motion in industry. That is well for Mr. Benn's peace of mind, and for the intellectual serenity of all the "labor imperialists" who think they can get the workers' consent to a programme of aggressive nationalism in trade. Otherwise they certainly would not feature this

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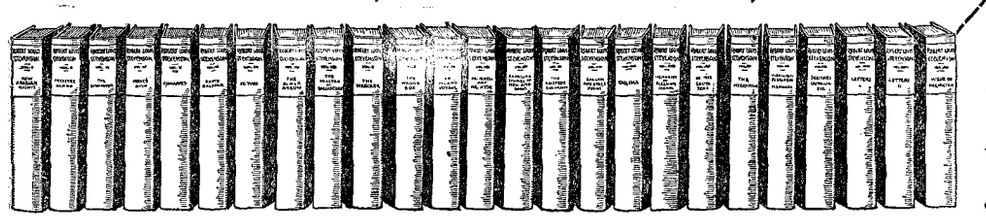

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little book, but would consign the whole edition to the flames. They would have no patience with a method which allows labor to insert its metaphorical head under the skirts of the tent of Management, only to have it in some dimly seen future day insinuate itself completely into the inner shrine and wrap about itself the mantle of complete authority.

But the advocates of economic aggression are caught. They cannot go back—back to the simple law of supply and demand as the dictator of labor policy. They must go forward—down the path of wider representation in the control of production. There is no alternative, the world capitalists are beginning to see, since without that representation there would in time be nothing of value to control. And in corroboration of their fears they point in horror to the results of Bolshevik government abroad.

Mr. Benn suffers acutely from the trader's major fault. He believes in trade for trade's sake. He believes there is intrinsic virtue in pushing sales. It is a sterile conception; but it forces him to seek labor's interest in bountiful and cheap production in order to make successful competition in world markets possible for English merchants. He does well to seek labor's consent. If he is to get cheap production he must have it. And he may get it. But insofar as labor's voice has been heard in the last four years it has steadfastly repudiated trade aggression. Indeed, the bulwark of a generous economic internationalism with preference for none and equality for all is found in the present stand of the international labor movement.

In his hopes of reconciling English labor and world-wide industrial penetration, Mr. Benn is probably doomed to disappointment. Never mind. Let him go on preaching the necessity for extending the basis of representation in industrial control. This is intrinsically good; and so also is his insistence that the organization of industries on a national scale into Trade Councils must be supplemented by district and local conferences. Beyond these kernels of very general truth there is therefore little in the book to commend it, for Mr. Benn is engaged in harnessing a good social plan to a bad social purpose.

O. T.

Contributors

LEO STEIN, an American who has lived much in France and Italy, and who has made a life-study of painting.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK is a resident of Chicago.

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